

THE

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Vol. 151

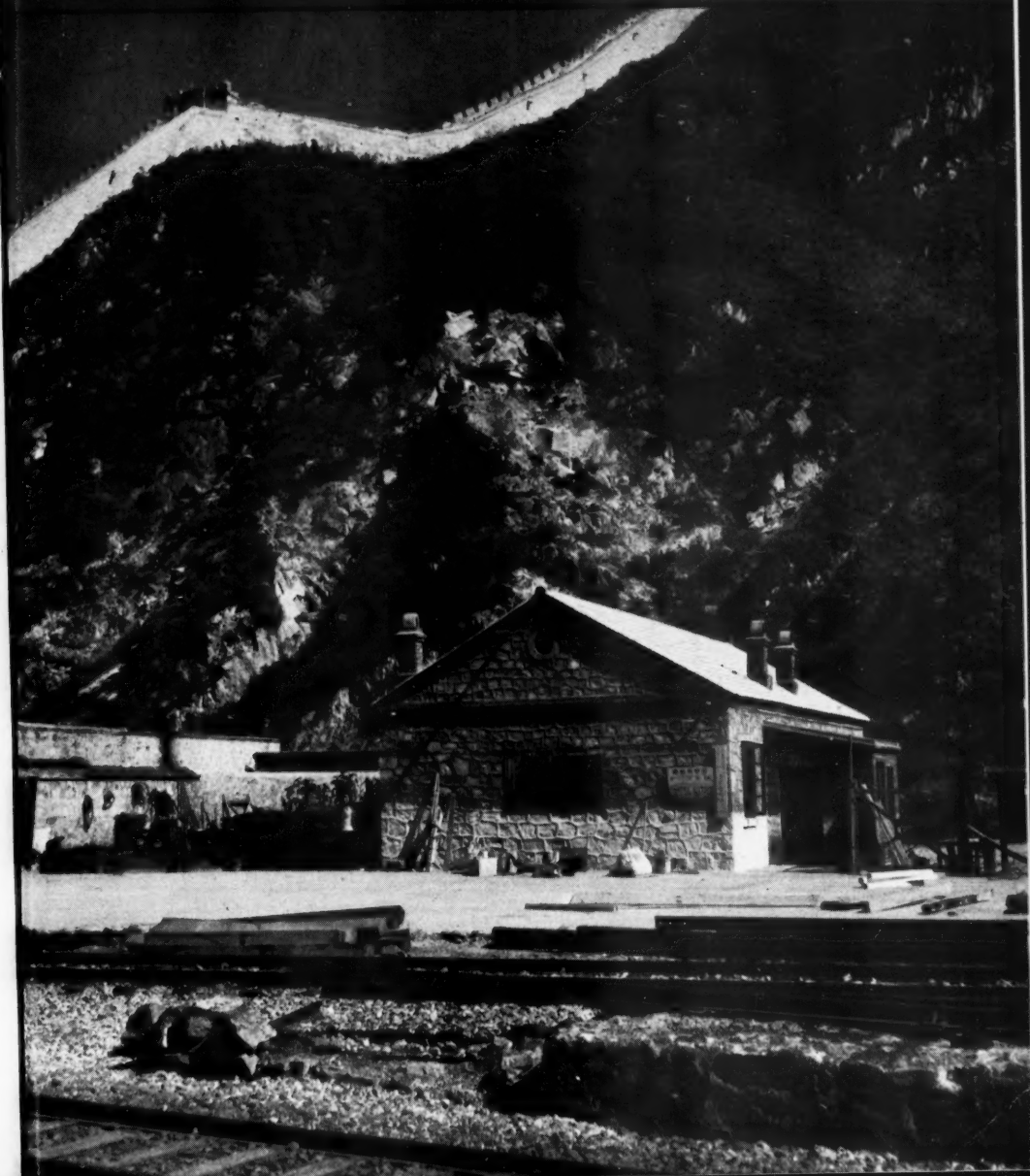
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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*Trevor Evans, Daily Express Industrial Correspondent,
went to Wales and found an inspiration—and a challenge.*

I WISH every industrialist in Britain had come with me to the steelworks by the Dee. What I saw was an inspiration. And a challenge.

There is no reason to suppose that this place, about five miles outside the boundaries of historic Chester, is out of step with the rest of the industry.

Mr. Richard Summers, the chairman of the company, was driving me through his works when I commented how odd it was to see a car park around the corner of almost every building. Finding more space for motor-cars was going to be a problem, he said. Whose cars?

10,000 acres

He looked at me in some surprise. Why, he said, the people who work here. Then he explained that so big is this site – it stretches over 10,000 acres, though so far buildings, offices, mills, furnaces and coke ovens occupy only about one-quarter of the Summers' land – that every vehicle bears a special label to speed its coming and going through the patrolled gates.

There are 10,000 working here. Nearly one-third come to work in motor-cars or on motor-cycles. I thought Mr. Summers was talking loosely, in general terms. He wasn't. Nearly 3,200 labels have been issued. New applications are coming in daily.

First hands at the furnaces frequently take home more than £30 a week. The odd one has been known to take home £40 at a peak period, and the average for all is £15 a week.

Expansion

Mr. Summers explained to me how the present production of 1,000,000 tons of steel, mainly in sheets for motor-cars, drums and such household goods as refrigerators and washing machines, would be up to

nearly 2,000,000 tons a year in about three years' time. "We go ahead, whatever happens," he said.

I saw ample evidence of expansion for the future, even to reclaiming land from the tidal water by battering down the refuse from the plant, thus adding a bit more to Wales.

Peace

One of the most impressive men I met at Shotton was Mr. Walter Jones, leading member of the steelmen's union, and vice-chairman of the works joint advisory committee. A thoughtful, deliberate kind of man with more than 40 years' service at the plant. "We couldn't have better people to work for," he says.

Management and workers have known each other long enough. This is largely a family affair.

It was old John Summers who inspired all this. He used to make clog irons in Stalybridge, Cheshire, more than 100 years ago.

He decided to make his own nails, so he made rough steel sheets. His son, Henry Hall Summers, bought this bleak land on the banks of the Dee in the nineties of last century. And Henry's son, Richard, is now the head of the concern.

There are all sorts of joint organisations on all aspects, from production to safety and sports.

This plant, like most others in steel, has a remarkable record of internal peace. There was dispute in 1911 – between two unions. But of official strikes against the management, none at all.

What can be wrong with an industry which commands the energy and loyalty of a lifetime's service from men of pride and skill?

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

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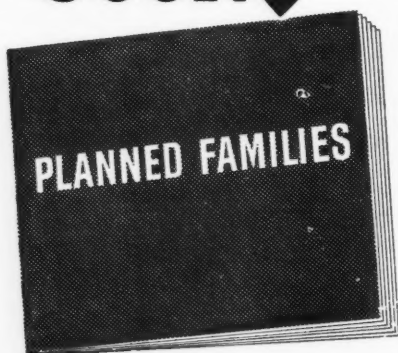
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Episodes of the Month

MUDDLE UNLIMITED

SINCE the British and American Governments sent troops into Jordan and the Lebanon international relations have been more than usually confused. Khrushchev made good use of his opportunity at the outset, by suggesting an immediate Five-Power Summit Conference; but when this suggestion was countered with a proposal that the Heads of Government should meet in the Security Council, he made the mistake of agreeing, though he might have known that such a meeting would not commend itself to his comrades in Peking. After visiting Mao he went back on the Security Council project and proposed instead that the Middle Eastern crisis should be discussed in the U.N. General Assembly. This discussion has been held, and has produced the surprising result of Western and Russian support for an Arab resolution, which was carried unanimously. It has also enabled Mr. Eisenhower to deliver a speech in which he offered American economic help on a very generous scale for the Arab countries; but inasmuch as it also contained evidence that he has not yet understood the nature of Arab nationalism, which the presence of American troops in the Levant is bound to render intractable, its impact was less than it might otherwise have been.

High-flown talk about ensuring that peoples are free to have governments of their own choice sounds rather hollow when Western arms are being used to maintain unpopular governments and to withstand a popular movement which is sweeping the Middle East. If Mr. Eisenhower seriously thinks that King Hussein's regime exists by the free choice of the Jordanian people, he

must be very naive. In the Lebanon the only effect of American intervention has, of course, been to strengthen the forces which it was intended to frustrate. The myth that "Nasserism" is the trade name for Communism in the Middle East, and that "good" Arab nationalists want to have nothing whatever to do with it, is still the official doctrine in London and Washington. Recognition of the new Government in Iraq was a sign of grace, but no permanent solution will be possible until President Nasser is recognized for what he is — the leader and champion of Arab nationalism.

Flashback to Ataturk

THE Nasser-phobia which is at present so marked a feature of British public and political opinion is strictly comparable with the attitude in this country towards Kemal Ataturk at the time of the Chanak crisis and the Treaty of Lausanne in 1919. Turkish nationalism and its leader were then held in much the same abhorrence as has been felt for Nasser since the nationalization of the Suez Canal; and it is curious to note that in both cases an international waterway was in dispute. British prestige suffered severely as a result of Ataturk's successful challenge, though less so than in 1956. Few people would have supposed, at the time of Chanak, that the Turkish upstart would before very long be hailed as a major statesman, with whom Britain was well advised to be on the best of terms; yet this was precisely what happened, and it is not too fanciful to guess that the same will happen to Nasser in the course of the next decade, if he can escape assassination. It



Keystone.

MR. EISENHOWER ADDRESSING THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE U.N. ON AUGUST 14th.

would be amusing to see flags out in the Mall and cheering crowds to welcome the Egyptian President here on a State visit — the man who is now depicted as a sinister tyrant and Communist agent.

Though he may be less able and less of a domestic reformer than Ataturk—it is too early yet to judge—Nasser is certainly the more endearing character of the two. Ataturk was a cruel libertine: Nasser is relatively humane and his private life is almost boringly respectable. If the British propaganda line towards him were to change he would be a fit subject for intimate studies in the women's magazines: Ataturk would have made less promising material.

Macmillan's Caper

IT was at the Treaty of Lausanne, by the way, that Turkey gave up all claims upon Cyprus. Lately this act of renunciation seems to have been forgotten and the Turks, with no discouragement from the British Government, have been arguing on the assumption that Cyprus is a Turkish sphere of interest. This is an utterly bogus claim. Geographical propinquity is no justification: if it were to be regarded as such, the map of the world would have to undergo very

drastic changes and Britain would have to cede much of her overseas territory—Hong Kong, Aden, Gibraltar and the Channel Islands, for instance. Nor have the Turks any reason to adopt a hostile and suspicious attitude towards Greece, which, despite any ill-feeling which might survive from the days of Ottoman domination, is now a fellow member of the North Atlantic Alliance. Finally, of course, the population of Cyprus is overwhelmingly Greek, both in language and in faith.

Mr. Harold Macmillan has recently paid flying visits to Athens, Ankara and Cyprus itself, but he has achieved nothing (except perhaps an enhancement of his reputation with the bemused British public) for the very simple reason that personal diplomacy is useless unless it is based upon sound policy. British policy towards Cyprus has been, and remains, foolish and iniquitous; by giving undue weight to the demands of a minority, while ignoring the majority claim for democratic rights, it is clearly hoped to maintain British sovereignty in Cyprus (which Gladstone denounced at the time when it was assumed). Of course, the methods employed by the Greek Cypriot nationalists have been outrageous and have gravely impaired a moral case which would otherwise be unassailable. Had they conducted their campaign on Gandhian principles rather than by means of gangsterism the British might by now have been compelled to leave the island. But nothing can excuse the disingenuous obstinacy of British politicians, who are in a very real sense responsible for the deepening tragedy of Cyprus.

Selling a New Constitution

MORE hopeful than Mr. Macmillan's tour is that on which the French Prime Minister, General de Gaulle, has just embarked. He, too, may suffer disappointment, but at least he has a policy which deserves serious consideration. His aim is to convert the ramshackle French Union into an effective "Community", with federal institutions but a wide measure of local autonomy. Territories which do not wish to join the Community will have no other course than to vote against the Constitution in the forthcoming referendum. By doing so they will not necessarily obtain immediate independence, because the Constitution will be accepted or rejected as a "package deal" by metropolitan France and the overseas territories voting in combination — an

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

electorate in which the metropolitan French preponderate. But an adverse vote in French West or Equatorial Africa, say, could be significant for the future.

What are the chances? General de Gaulle has two trump cards: he is himself a sincere believer in racial fusion, and the dependencies of France, however strong the pressure for self-determination, have much to lose if they forfeit the economic advantages of belonging to the French Community. The economic motive would not be enough in itself, but the additional motive of helping to form a powerful super-State, in which there would be a common citizenship with no distinction of race, might produce a decisive margin of overseas support for the Constitution. If so, the absence of racialism which has marked French colonial policy will be richly rewarded, and General de Gaulle's faith in a greater France will be vindicated.

At home it is almost certain that the referendum will go in his favour, partly because the French are now in a state of political listlessness and only want a regime which will enable them to get on with their own jobs. The draft Constitution contains, we should say, many flaws, but it must be judged against the background of the Fourth Republic, in which Parliamentary rule was tried and found wanting. The new regime will be an attempt to combine Parliamentary and Presidential government—the Presidency being invested with wide powers, even in normal times, and dictatorial powers in an emergency. If his plan is accepted, it is taken for granted that de Gaulle will be the first President under the new Constitution; if not, he will retire once again to Colombey-les-deux-Eglises. France has to choose between a theoretically imperfect Constitution and a leader of genius on the one hand, and on the other a regime which might be more respectable in theory but as futile as its predecessor in practice.

Tories in Favour

ACCORDING to the latest polls, the Tories are no longer out of favour with the British public, and some optimists are leaping to the conclusion that there will be an autumn election in which the Government will be returned to power. It seems to us unlikely, however, that Mr. Macmillan will be led astray by this sort of wishful thinking. He is an astute politician and he knows that his Party will need a substantial lead to offset the effects of large-scale



A.P.

MR. MACMILLAN WITH THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER, MR. KARAMANLIS: ATHENS, AUGUST 7th.

Liberal intervention, the Rent Act, and shifts of population which have turned a number of Tory strongholds into marginal seats. He must also know that there may be some unpleasant symptoms of recession during the autumn, despite the expansionist steps which have recently been taken. He will probably prefer to wait for the chance of a more cheerful Budget than the last one, and for the immediate aggravations of the Rent Act to wear off.

Why is the Government so much more popular than it was a year ago? One reason, alas, is that it has appealed, and appealed successfully, to the spirit of insularity and Jingoism which is still so strong in the country. The Suez operation, it must be remembered, was greeted at the time with more enthusiasm than disgust; and the trend against the Government which followed, in the early part of 1957, was due more to a sense of frustration, that the stroke had miscarried, than to any general realization that it should never have been attempted. The landing in Jordan was well received by a public which only a short time before was cursing King Hussein for his treatment of Glubb Pasha: the ludicrous pretext that "honour" compelled us to send

troops to Hussein's assistance was swallowed quite uncritically. (It will be interesting to see, however, how the Jingoos will react when the troops are withdrawn and the Hussein regime collapses, as it surely must). The bus strike and the apparent humiliation of Mr. Cousins were also a boon to the Government; and the conduct of the Labour Party is perhaps the greatest boon of all.

But the personal contribution of the Prime Minister must not be overlooked. He has at last come into his own as a relaxed, intelligent, off-the-cuff performer, having grown wise to the fact that his orotund, sub-Churchillian utterances were hopelessly out of character. He is well on the way to being as successful a television star as Sir Anthony Eden, since he makes up in shrewdness and humour for what he lacks in glamour.

Exit the L.C.J.

LORD GODDARD has at length retired from the office of Lord Chief Justice, in which he has displayed legal gifts and virtues of the highest order. Very few would contest his outstanding qualities as a judge, but he has provoked much criticism for his views on penal matters, which have not been based—like his opinions on matters of Law—on any detailed or specialist knowledge. It is, indeed, a grave weakness in the present administration of justice that the men who inflict sentences are largely unaware of penology or the psychology of crime. As a result the sentencing of criminals—in England, perhaps, more than in Scotland—tends to be unjust and thoroughly harmful in its effects. (For one thing, the infliction of unduly long terms of

imprisonment adds to the congestion which is one of the worst features of English prisons). Lord Goddard has also, as a legislator, opposed important measures of penal reform—notably the Silverman Bill for the abolition of capital punishment, which was thrown out by the House of Lords after being passed by a free vote of the House of Commons.

There is much speculation, as we go to press, about the appointment of a successor to Lord Goddard: indeed this problem has been eagerly canvassed for several years. The two political lawyers who are most conspicuously in the running are the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, and the Attorney-General, Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller. But we agree with those who assert that the office of Lord Chief Justice should in no way be treated as a political prize (consolation or otherwise), and we should be very glad to see Lord Goddard followed by another leading member of the Bench—Mr. Justice Devlin, for example.

Bracken the Kingmaker

THE death of Lord Bracken at a comparatively early age has evoked many tributes to a strong and enigmatic personality. His close attachment to Winston Churchill will perhaps be his chief claim to fame, and it is interesting to recall a story which appears in the first volume of Sir Edward Spears's *Assignment to Catastrophe* (Heinemann). Referring to the situation in Parliament on May 8th, 1940, when the Chamberlain Government was tottering, the author writes:

... I was told that Brendan Bracken, Winston's devoted follower, but by no means incapable of independent action, had had a talk with Attlee that afternoon, of which Churchill was certainly completely unaware, and had asked the Socialist leader if he would serve in a Government under Churchill. According to the story Attlee was not very favourable, but said he would serve under Lord Halifax. Bracken, in the course of his talk, must have made a considerable impression on Attlee and brought him round to contemplating with greater favour the possibility of the Socialists serving in a Churchill-led Government.

If this story is true — and so far as we know it has never been contradicted — it shows the extent of Bracken's influence and of the nation's debt to him.

NEXT MONTH

Dossier: General de Gaulle.

Problems of a working-class writer,
by John Petty.

A new cycle of sonnets
by Dom Moraes.

LORD MONTGOMERY

THE retirement of most great men comes as an anti-climax to their careers. With Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery it may be forecast that his retirement this month from the post of Deputy Supreme Commander, Allied Powers, Europe, will be a brilliant climax to his sixteen years of fame. His new book, to be published in the autumn, is intended to answer the many criticisms levelled against him since 1952. He has said: "Everybody has been writing books about the War. They have said some very rude things about me. Very rude things. Now it's my turn. I'm going to fire the last shot". Those who have read the proofs say that Monty's last shot is the equivalent of murderous machine-gun fire.

He has also agreed to give six lectures on television, describing six of the battles which he conducted against the Germans. After this he may be relied upon to provide the newspapers with good copy and to give the world food for thought until the end of his days.

★ ★ ★

Bernard Law Montgomery was born in November, 1887, in a bedroom of Kennington Vicarage, overlooking the Oval cricket ground. His father, Henry Montgomery, was a muscular cleric, one of the strongest influences in whose life had been Dean Farrar—now best known as the author of *Eric, or Little by Little*—to whom he had been curate when Farrar came to St. Margaret's, Westminster. Henry Montgomery fell in love with Farrar's third daughter, Maud, and they were married in Westminster Abbey. She was 16 at the time, he 34.

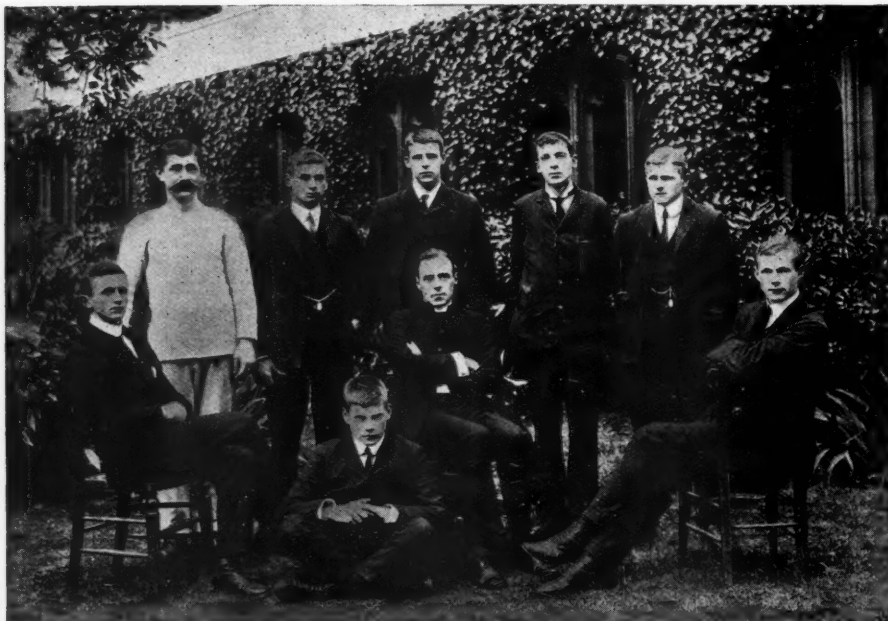
Two years after Bernard's birth, his father was consecrated Bishop of Tasmania, where the family remained until 1901. Bishop Montgomery then returned to take charge of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and he installed his family in a large house in Chiswick. Bernard was now a lean, wiry 13-year-old, brought up to order his life by the Gospels and the demands of physical fitness. He was sent to St. Paul's

School, where he earned some athletic distinction.

Next he was sent to Sandhurst, from which he emerged at the age of 21 as a Second-Lieutenant. He went to India and joined a battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment on the North-West Frontier. The only unusual trait in him at this stage was his lack of interest in social life—dancing, polo and drinking in the Mess. Instead he applied himself earnestly and with undivided attention to soldiering. He learnt Hindustani so well that during the Second World War he was able to give orders to Indian troops in that language. Military technicalities fascinated him and military manuals were his favourite reading.

In August, 1914, he went to France with the B.E.F. Like other junior infantry officers, he was soon hit; but he had the good luck to survive. In October, during the first battle of Ypres, he was shot through the lung after leading a bayonet charge. He was given up for dead and his grave was dug. But years of hard physical training had made him extraordinarily tough and shortly before his funeral a doctor noticed that the Lieutenant was not quite dead. He recovered, and was awarded the D.S.O. After a few weeks in hospital he returned to duty, and by 1918 he was an acting Lieutenant-Colonel, having held a number of appointments, mostly on the Staff.

The social life of England in the "twenties" amused him no more than had the social life of pre-war India. But already he had begun to earn a reputation as a thoughtful and unconventional soldier. In 1926 he was given the job he had long hoped for, as an instructor at Camberley. At that time Ironside was Commandant. Brooke and Paget were on the staff, Dempsey, Leese, Harding and many other future generals were students. One of them recalls that Major Montgomery completed his course with a lecture on the higher command, in which he said that a higher commander must neglect no detail which could help to put his personality across; he must even be careful to wear a distinctive hat.



B. L. MONTGOMERY (standing, second from left) AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL. *Hulton Picture Library.*

Until he was nearly forty Monty was indifferent to women. He never took girls out and he hated the regimental dances which he had to attend. His life was the Army and his favourite subject of conversation was the business of war. Women could not talk about this, so he preferred the company of men, who could. But in 1925 he met Betty Carver, a widow whose husband had been killed at Gallipoli, leaving her with two children—and a deep hatred of war. She lived at Chiswick in a small colony of artists, with whom she painted in oils and water-colours, drew in pastels, and sculptured. She was a vital and gay creature, loved by those who knew her. Monty gave her his love, perhaps not least because he found in her the humanity, peace and generosity that were inherently lacking in his own professional life.

They were married in 1927, and the marriage was idyllically happy. Monty enjoyed the intelligent conversation of his wife's friends and entered, with customary zeal, into the task of running a household and bringing up their only child, David. After Camberley, he was given a battalion of the Warwicks, which was then the sole garrison of Palestine, and in 1931 they

moved to Egypt—a country which was later to be the scene of his most dazzling achievement. Finally, he did three years at Quetta as senior instructor at the Military Staff College before returning to England to command an infantry brigade at Portsmouth.

Then the blow fell. In 1937 Monty and his family were on holiday at Burnham-on-Sea when Betty Montgomery was bitten by an insect. The bite became infected and she died. This personal disaster was a crucial event in Monty's career. For months he shut himself away, alone with his grief. When he emerged, in the spring of 1938, he was a changed man. All the love and interest that he had given to his wife were now once again to be consecrated to his profession. And he was soon to have plenty of scope for his talents.

When war broke out in 1939 Monty was commanding the 3rd Division. In May of the following year this Division was retreating to Dunkirk and its commander was given the task of extricating the 2nd Corps. He succeeded, while Alexander also saved the 1st Corps. On his return he was given the 5th Corps under Alexander, in the Southern Command. A young visitor to his

LORD MONTGOMERY

headquarters at that time of threatened invasion recalls his brisk and forceful, yet in a way humorous, manner. He made his staff officers begin their day's duties with an energetic run, which endeared him not to them, but to less privileged personnel within the Corps. He attacked the current plans for defence against invasion as "concrete-minded". Symbolically, a bomb struck his house at Portsmouth, removing all trace of his former home life. In 1942 he was given the command of South-Eastern Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

It was then that, with the 8th Army reeling back into Egypt, a replacement had to be found for General Ritchie. The Prime Minister first chose General Gott, but he never filled the appointment: he was killed when his aircraft was shot down. The next choice was Monty—whom Alanbrooke, the C.I.G.S., would have preferred in the first place.

His arrival in the Western Desert in August, 1942, marked a turning-point in the War. At once, the 8th Army was drastically reorganized. There were to be no more bits-and-pieces, such as the so-called "Jock Columns"; the Army would fight by Divisions. And it would be a different sort of Army—a *Panzer* Army. Land and air headquarters were merged. Monty's Chief of Staff, de Guingand, was left to deal with the whole business of administration, leaving the Army commander free to plan and fight battles.

The German drive towards Alexandria was imminent and during his first day in the Desert Monty took the decision which was to foil it. Near the original Army H.Q. he had seen the low ridge of Alam Halfa and was amazed to find that it was almost undefended, though it would command Rommel's only route to Alexandria if and when he had broken through the main Army defences. Monty therefore summoned a Division which was encamped near the Nile and deployed it on the ridge. When Rommel attacked his tanks ran straight into the guns of Alam Halfa and were destroyed.

In the weeks before this battle the Monty legend had been growing fast. It must not be thought that Monty's deliberate cult of publicity was due to any quirk of personal vanity. He was merely putting into practice what he had preached to the students at Camberley fifteen years before. He was small in stature and unknown to most of his men. But soon every one of them could

recognize the general in the black beret, with the two badges, and a feeling of familiarity and confidence spread to all ranks. At the same time Monty began to assemble round him a small staff of young officers, some of whom were to remain with him till the end of the War. These men—comparable with Napoleon's "Gallopers"—were to tour the Army each day, reporting directly to Monty in the evening. As a result of their reports some senior officers were removed from their posts and sent back to Cairo ("we need a little weed-killer for that party," Monty would say). It was largely from such disgruntled victims that opposition to the General's methods was later to come, and it must be admitted that he was at times unnecessarily ruthless and peremptory.

Yet his methods worked. They were essentially simple, but they were based upon long experience and detailed knowledge. Once Monty had planned a battle—and he took immense pains over the planning—he would turn his mind to the next, having first satisfied himself that he had the right men to carry out the immediate plan. When each new dawn barrage opened he would be asleep, having left orders that he was to be disturbed only if his plans went wrong.

From the battle of El Alamein until German land forces were finally ejected from North Africa in the spring of 1943 Monty's sense of timing and balance failed only three times. First, there was the tense moment before the fall of Tripoli, when the supply lines of the 8th Army were stretched to breaking point and Monty was able to carry on only by abandoning half the Army and attacking Rommel at Wadi Zem Zem. Had this attack failed the victorious General might have been forced to retreat to Tobruk.

The second crisis was when Rommel counter-attacked the 8th Army at Medenine. Monty's armour was strung out along the coast road and in no good state to receive this unexpected onslaught. Monty took direct command and personally sited the anti-tank guns that he had rushed to the front. They were just in time to fire on the German tanks as they emerged from an early morning mist. The attack was repulsed.

Finally, there was the setback at the Mareth line — the French-designed defences on the frontier between Tripolitania and Tunisia. A frontal assault along the coast, together with a powerful "left hook",

proved to be a costly failure, and there is little doubt that Monty had underestimated the strength of the Mareth position, though he has since claimed that his first attack was a calculated move to draw the enemy. The second, at any rate, was successful.

The Italian campaign might have put an end to Monty's reputation. The 8th Army was not equipped to make a rapid advance northwards against the natural obstacles of river and mountain, plus a number of crack German Divisions. Soon after Christmas, 1943, however, Monty was recalled to London and his name was never linked with the long-drawn-out battles of Anzio and Cassino. Instead he was given a vital role in the invasion of North-West Europe.

★ ★ ★

During the months of preparation that preceded the Normandy landings he worked in the buildings of his old school, St. Paul's. He had brought home with him his Desert Staff, and he gave the 2nd Army—perhaps unwisely—an 8th Army flavour, by the addition of the 50th, 51st and 7th (Armoured) Divisions. Troops who had fought admirably in the Desert were to find the close *bocage* country of Normandy even more difficult than did fresh troops from England.

Once again, Monty got rid of officers who did not measure up to his standards. And he developed still further his technique of personal contact between himself and his men. In 1944 he spoke in person to all invasion troops. When speaking to them his line was simple and direct, and he would frequently repeat himself. His abounding self-confidence, more than his actual words, created a deep impression.

Monty was convinced that, given his head, he could finish the war in Europe before the end of the year; but he also knew that, as the new American Armies arrived, he would have to become increasingly subordinate to American control. This was one of the hardest tasks he ever had to face and it cannot be said that he was as tactful or gracious as even he might have been. His relations with General Omar Bradley were particularly poor, and it will be interesting to see what he has to say about Bradley's comments on the Normandy campaign. It is arguable that Monty's tactics were sometimes at fault and that he may be too apt, as with Mareth, to justify tactical failure by means of a rather dubious strategic theory. On the other hand, there is much to be said for his caution and

elaborate preparation before a great advance. After the battle of Falaise, when the Germans were definitely off balance and the Allies had the initiative, Monty became the advocate of an immediate advance into Germany. It is often stated, inaccurately, that he wanted to strike towards Berlin on a narrow front: in fact his idea was that there should be a sustained offensive along half the Allied front, and while he believed that this would be most effective in the North under his direction, he was quite ready to agree to an American advance in the South. In view of what the German Generals have since said it is almost certain that he was right and that the war could have been won in the autumn or winter of 1944 had Eisenhower taken Monty's advice.

In *The Struggle for Europe* Chester Wilmot describes a crucial interview between the two men in September, 1944:

They met in Eisenhower's aircraft and their meeting began inauspiciously, for Montgomery requested that Eisenhower's Chief Administrative Officer . . . should not take part in the discussion but that his own . . . should stay. This request was hardly tactful, but Eisenhower granted it . . . Montgomery drew from his pocket a file of the signals which had passed between him and Eisenhower during the past week, and proceeded to say . . . precisely what he thought of the policy outlined in them . . . A man of less generous nature might have reacted violently at this outburst but, as the tirade gathered fury, Eisenhower sat silent. At the first pause, however, he leaned forward, put his hand on Montgomery's knee and said in a quiet but firm tone, "Steady, Monty! You can't speak to me like that. I'm your boss."

Montgomery bit back his next words and, responding to Eisenhower's forbearance, said, "I'm sorry, Ike."

At the end of the war Monty wrote to Ike in exceptionally warm terms, admitting that he had not been "an easy subordinate", but that Ike had kept him "on the rails". He signed himself, "Your very devoted friend, Monty." Later, he was to work happily as Ike's second-in-command at SHAPE.

It fell to Monty to accept the German Army's surrender, and he has been criticized for the curtness with which he received the German Generals when they came to his headquarters on Luneburg Heath. Many will feel, however, that he would have been open to far more serious criticism had he treated them as the members of a defeated, but sporting, team of cricketers or footballers. It was part of Monty's strength that he saw the war as a crusade.

LORD MONTGOMERY



Imperial War Museum.
FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN GENERALS,
MAY, 1945.

Since VE Day he has remained a professional serving soldier, unlike others who have turned to politics or proconsular activity. He has held the highest post in the British Army, that of C.I.G.S. Yet he has refused to be confined to a narrow military, or even service, point of view. His mind is searching and speculative, and his thoughts on grand strategy—not infrequently expressed—are often most original. He anticipated the launching of an earth satellite, and discussed its strategic implications, long before the first Sputnik made its appearance. He announced that the aircraft carrier was obsolete, but has since changed his mind and is now a keen exponent of naval power. He is known to think that the day may come when Russia will be seeking an alliance with the West against China, since the Chinese will have industrialized themselves with the help of Russian capital and will then be casting envious eyes on Russian territory, as an outlet for their surplus population.

After fifty years in the Army, Monty will deserve his retirement. Will he enjoy it?

His home will be the Hampshire mill-house which he bought some years ago, but he hopes to be asked to stay privately with his many acquaintances among foreign soldiers and statesmen. Partly through the circumstances of his career, and partly from national inclination, he is in a sense more at home in the world at large than in his native country.

Like most great men, he is a bit of a freak; and like most leaders, he is fundamentally hard, though capable of kindness and magnanimity. His powers of concentration and simplification are of a very rare order, and his temperament shows some traces of the suppressed aesthete. The nickname "Monty" is as misleading as "Winnie", and it has acquired an even wider currency: indeed one is almost obliged to refer to Montgomery by his affectionate diminutive—it has become inevitable. This is the measure of his success in making an essentially formidable and solitary character seem cosy, and therefore congenial to the British rank-and-file. In the art of higher command he has been his own best pupil.

RED TWILIGHT IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY ?

By A Special Correspondent

IT has been truly said that the Chinese are "at once the most rebellious and the least revolutionary of all peoples." This is a penetrating estimate of the method underlying their politics and what it implies is that the Chinese have established, over the centuries, a canon of political conduct for their rulers and will never, willingly, allow them to transgress it.

In the past, the Emperors were described as "Sons of Heaven" and it was by the "Mandate of Heaven" that they ruled; namely by example, principle, and moral precept, rather than by dictation or violence. Their subjects believed that the country's prosperity suffered when they or their people deviated from the paths of virtue and when it became apparent that the sovereign was ruling incorrectly they considered that the Heavenly Mandate was exhausted. When this situation was recognized it became the duty of the common people to rise in revolt and overturn the throne, making it ready for a new ruler judged to be able to restore the realm to the condition of virtue in which it had to be governed. Needless to say there have been many revolutions in their history.

In England, we have legalized our opposition, placing it in Parliament while protecting our throne from the conflict of political powers. On the other hand in China, while the forces of opposition have been of a latent but permanent nature, throughout history their throne has not been so protected. Nevertheless, the main objective in both nations has been the desire to preserve certain values, once these have been thought to be of importance in the maintenance of a civilized order. Unless the above cardinal facts about China are understood the history of the country cannot readily be followed and, in particular, it is difficult to relate it to the current situation there.

Today it may be asked whether the present Government has made an impression on the Chinese people which is favourable since it came into power; and it is desirable to know, besides, something of its

achievements and prospects. Also, we are all vitally interested in the kind of relationship which exists between China and the Soviet Union and the impact made by it on the dynamics of the general world situation.

The potentialities of China have been consistently underestimated and it now seems largely forgotten that the Stalinist era itself, and the whole conception of "Socialism in One Country", began because the earlier aim of World Revolution had come to a halt in China and also, of course, in Germany. Now that Russia seems to wish to declare a halt to Stalinist conceptions, it seems that China, herself in a Stalinist stage of development, is acting in such a manner as to cause something of a reversion even within Russia. These facts only emphasize the need for paying the closest attention to the Chinese scene.

When this is examined today, a circumstance of the very highest importance is seen. This is that, while China is a country with a Communist Government which is loyal and dedicated to World Communism and its triumph, the country is not communist and, despite the most implacable efforts to capture and control the minds of countless millions, these efforts, which never seemed very likely to succeed, now seem less promising than ever.

Indeed it could be said that China has now rejected Communism after a brief trial, and that the original plans of the Comintern many years ago, which brought Borodin to Canton with the aim of gaining four hundred million accessories to its designs, have had the opposite result. Instead, the opponents of Communism are likely to gain the enthusiastic support of almost as many allies.

None know this better than the Communist leaders themselves, though as yet they have not accepted the suggestion that they might fail. It is apprehension that is placing them on the defensive within their own countries and on the offensive outside them. It is this which makes them so implacable towards "revisionism" in Hungary,

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Camera Press.
TANKS OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY, PEKING, MAY DAY, 1956.

Poland and Yugoslavia. These manifestations, together with his realization and understanding of serious tensions within the Soviet Government, are causing Mao Tse-tung the gravest concern. They threaten the whole position of World Communism.

He, above all, is alive to the mortal threat to his position and to that of his whole apparatus contained in the dark waves of peasant dissent which are mounting ever higher. Can anyone forget the words which he himself wrote in his famous and masterly *Report on an Investigation of the Agrarian Movement in Hunan* in 1927.

"The force of the peasantry is like that of the raging winds and driving rain; it is rapidly increasing in violence. No forces can stand in its way; the peasantry will tear apart all nets which bind it and hasten along the road to liberation."

In detecting this great force and in harnessing it to his own programme for the seizure of power, Mao guaranteed the success of his version of the Communist Revolution in China. The programme was achieved with the greatest skill and in the face of Soviet dissent. His partnership with his capable and formidable confederate Chu Teh, known at the time as "Chu-Mao",

succeeded because of military indoctrination combined with brilliant conceptions in the sphere of a grand strategy founded on guerilla warfare. Together they built up an overwhelming monopoly of village-based military strength ending in the disintegration of the power of Chiang Kai-Shek and the flight of the Kuomintang to Formosa.

There have been many observers of the "Pa Lu Chun" or Eighth Route Army — not all of them easily illusioned or of leftist sympathies — who have testified to the extraordinary morale which that force had in Yen-an from the very beginning. The reason for this was plain. Like Cromwell's army, they "knew and loved what they fought for". They were, of course, kept ignorant of the real aims of their leaders and have only within the last four years or so become finally and totally undeceived.

In 1936, Mao also said: "Whoever wins the support of the peasants will win China; whosoever solves the land problem will win the peasants." Sun Yat Sen knew this and was the first to use the compelling political slogan "Land to the Tiller". The Kuomintang also used it but did not fulfil the promise; then finally Mao adopted it without explaining to his followers that the slogan really meant "Land to the State". Had he done so there would never have been a Communist Government in China, and the belated understanding of its meaning will prove to be the undoing of the People's Government. The peasants were quite prepared to help him expropriate the landlords, but they will never acquiesce in being dispossessed of the small properties which in many cases had been awarded to them by the regime which they have placed in power.

Besides, they knew little of the industrial plans of their leaders, and if they had understood the ambition of those designs they would also have known that no country in China's economic plight could ever afford such plans, particularly at the rate at which they are now being executed. These could only be carried out at the price of unimaginable suffering and bondage.

Another related question is that of the Army. Originally an association of peasants, the so-called Peoples' Liberation Army has been raised for years on the legend of the Long March and the mystique of guerilla operations based on Yen-an. As such, it has been a peasant crusading force in search of an agrarian millennium. Many of its members had been personally convinced

that the goal was in sight when grants of land were made to poor peasants in 1950, only to find, four years later, that these pathetic symbols of their hard-won victory were being torn from them. More recently, the descendants of the "Pa Lu Chun" have had another cause for dismay.

When the Liberation Army swept past the saluting bases in the exaltation of victory in 1949 it was felt by almost all Chinese to be a source of pride, in that it was an army which was Chinese to the core. There was no visible element to suggest that it might be an instrument of Russian policy. By the end of 1955 all this was changed. On October 1st of that year parades were held when the new conscript army was exhibited for the first time. To the astonishment of most observers, Russian-style uniforms were worn, and an unbelievable degree of Russification of the armed forces has been in train ever since.

On the surface everything appears very efficient and organized, but it is well known among the Chinese troops that their Government threw them cynically into the Korean War and at the same time used the war situation as an occasion to launch a murderous attack on peasant opposition which was just beginning to be vocal. Thus the Government is felt by the peasants and the former peasant soldiers to have betrayed them and to have sold them out to the Russians, who have invented wholly abominable methods of farming and who are now forcing their uniforms on a new army of janissaries. This is all felt, rightly or wrongly, to be a part of the price which China is being obliged to pay for her industrialization.

The successive Chinese Five Year Plans are intended to develop on the grand scale China's neglected resources and industries. Gigantic hydro - electric - cum - irrigation projects are planned which are conceived on as great a scale as any in Russia—or greater. The most grandiose aims exist for scientific and technological development and some surprising gains have been made with quite advanced techniques, as, for example, the completion quite recently of a nuclear reactor. These programmes are evolving at breakneck speed and the phrase "great leap forward" is being used by the government about most of them.

There seem to be two main reasons for this impressive pace. The first is that the regime is very disturbed about population figures. In order to carry out realistic

planning they have been obliged to take a census which has given them higher figures than they expected, and there is also the looming threat of an increase of 12-13 million per year, or 20 per thousand per year. The one expansion is governing the other, but in the crucial race between biology and technics there are obstacles to be overcome which must be causing the planners and statisticians of China the gravest forebodings.

The second reason for the industrial expansion rate is a far less easy one to assess since it is connected with techniques of despotic control which are rather obscure. While in Russia the "Great Purges" which Stalin ordered were carried out by the GPU, the Chinese liquidations have been differently arranged. The government has incited the peasant population against the victims quite deliberately in order to instil into them feelings of guilt and anxiety by which they can be enslaved. This is a very dangerous method of government which many other dictatorships have employed to their cost. Unless a perpetual war of nerves can be waged, or the energies and time of its victims are fully engaged, in labour of oppressive severity which seems to be a "campaign", the concealed conflict or contradictions within the society can break loose and project themselves on the visible seat of power itself.

The successes, so far, of the "technological revolution" no critics can deny. It is beyond cavil that Red China is beginning to be a significant industrial Power and that the pace is being maintained. Those most surprised have been those who knew the country best and they have observed a new organizing principle at work. Chinese industry is intended to surpass that of Great Britain in several respects in about fifteen years. There is no question as to the quality of the planning which has been carried out by the People's Government with, of course, much Soviet help; but the student of the situation is bound to ask whether the country can sustain an all-out effort of this magnitude, and he must come to the conclusion that, without complete betrayal both of the liberties and interests of the Chinese people, the price cannot be paid.

On the land itself, the unwilling peasantry, bound to their unwanted cooperatives, are toiling unremittingly, since failure to meet the exactions of their taskmasters only results in penal labour. Strangely enough,

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they are being joined by large numbers of Army veterans retiring and being settled on the land. There are also families of officers who have been separated from their husbands and fathers and taken away from military stations all over the country. Lastly there are the young disaffected university graduates and dismissed "cadres" who are being "reduced to basic levels" in order to undergo a process of "rectification" through physical labour. The word "rectification" is in constant use today in China and implies the correction of "dangerous thoughts". Since 1953, the Government has been very dissatisfied with the state of morale of its intellectuals, in particular those teaching at universities and the students themselves; and there have been a number of campaigns directed against their dissent. That this mistrust has been justified was proved by widespread student unrest and revolts last summer. Indeed, a Hungarian type of uprising was feared.

The remarkable speech made by Mao in early 1957 called "The Correct Handling of Contradictions among the People" resulted in the course of the year in a series of diatribes against the Party which caused many of its members pained surprise. It then became evident that a deadly metaphysical contest was going on, and still continues, between the aggressive materialism of Marx and what remains of Chinese traditional and humanistic values; in short, the eternal contest between the defenders

of Man and his dignity and those who regard him as a slave to be exploited.

The Chinese rejected Materialism many centuries ago when they destroyed the Ch'in dynasty and the philosophy of "Legalism". They could not abide the overweening ambition and ruthlessness which these represented, and that dynasty only lasted a few years. It is not that the values of the race are very actively or consciously formulated, but that their expression is a matter of national instinct.

Despite outward appearances of stability, and indeed of menace, the situation is in reality becoming desperate for both the Soviets and the Chinese, and it seems that, sooner or later, those who have sown the wind will reap the whirlwind. It is for this reason that the tensions of Eastern Europe are of such grave concern to the Chinese Government who have also a number of economic commitments there of great importance. The Sino-Soviet partnership is one of necessity to both parties, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to manage, because the two countries are in different stages of Marxist development. There are, as yet, no basic differences of principle between them, since both are still resolved that Communism shall run the world. But what is far from clear is whether it has yet been decided who will run Communism.

In this lies hope for the West. Lenin is reputed once to have said that the road to London lies through Peking. It may be found that through Peking lies the road to Moscow.

THE RISE AND ROOTS OF SUMMITRY

By DENYS SMITH

PERSONAL diplomacy was just as often condemned as praised till Churchill invented the catchy phrase "Summit Conference" a little over five years ago. Now public opinion in the Western and neutral world has convinced itself that no diplomatic negotiation can be sincere, profitable or worthwhile unless conducted by heads of government, to the constant bewilderment of American officials of both parties. There have been agreements reached with Russia since the War, such as the ending of the Berlin airlift, the Austrian State Treaty

and such minor matters as cultural exchanges, which none the less were at one time deemed suitable for summit discussion. But these were not reached at top-level discussions, nor (with the exception of cultural exchanges) were they the result of true negotiation. They followed the conclusion on the part of Russia that the game was no longer worth the candle. When Russia is ready to agree she signs in the foothills and never minds the summit. But in the West "summitry" seems to have become the new opium of the peoples.

Meetings of rulers to form alliances, arrange spheres of influence, make territorial deals often at the expense of third parties, or issue declarations more or less meaningless in the manner of the modern joint communiqué, have long historical antecedents. There is no need to go back to the days when the Queen of Sheba journeyed from Yemen along the ancient "incense road" for a summit conference with Solomon, king of the nation which had expanded till it blocked the trade path to Egypt, Phoenicia and Syria; nor even to the Field of the Cloth of Gold where our own Henry VIII (in between two summit conferences with the Emperor Charles V) went to Calais for a summit conference with Francis I at the Val Doré.

More illuminating for today were the summit conferences at Tilsit and Erfurt in 1807 and 1808 between Napoleon and Alexander. Like Hitler and Molotov at Berlin in 1940 they tried to accommodate their rival ambitions in the Balkans, and like them found in the end that no compromise was possible, since their claims were not complementary but overlapping. Napoleon attacked Russia without warning in 1812, telling his army on June 22 that Russia had violated her oath of friendship. One hundred and twenty-nine years later, on exactly the same day of June, Hitler told the German people that he had gone to war against Russia because she had betrayed her engagements and was serving the cause of Britain. There were many pre-war summit conferences, including visits by Ramsay MacDonald to Hoover and Roosevelt. The most famous of them was at Munich between Chamberlain, Daladier, Hitler and Mussolini. The agreement reached there, like the agreement between Napoleon and Alexander, was worthless.

These meetings between heads of government can be effective when the heads are absolute monarchs, despots or dictators. The wartime summit meetings were possible and practical because for the limited purpose of winning the war Roosevelt and Churchill were as much dictators as Stalin. Summit meetings are also easy among friends, among heads of government united by a common purpose. Macmillan can meet Eisenhower, or Khrushchev meet Mao, at twenty-four hours' notice. Agreement is possible not because the meeting is at summit level, but because the participants are already in basic agreement. It does not follow that if all four met they could reach

an agreement similar to the agreements they so easily reach separately.

The popular conception of the summit conference has now been combined and confused with another diplomatic instrument with a long history, the congress. These have been most successful when the world, or rather Europe, had reached a state of complete desperation. When familiar landmarks fall, when the perpetual suddenly was found ephemeral, when the old certainties vanished, when the liquid was not only spilled but the vessel broken, then the panic was great enough for all to combine, the compulsion to agree was equally strong upon all parties. The congress, in its ideal form, was not composed of rivals manoeuvring for advantage, but of a single team applying itself to diplomatic draftsmanship and reconstruction. The enemy was the world situation, not the men across the table. The nearer the congress approached its ideal form, the more successful and lasting was its work.

The world had reached such a condition at the time of the Congress of Vienna which reconstructed Europe after the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon had carried the destructive forces of the French Revolution over large areas. The collapse of his Empire left little that was stable. The need for reconstruction was imperative. As Talleyrand wrote in his memoirs: "Europe's most pressing need and greatest concern was, therefore, to do away with the doctrine of usurpation and revive the principle of legitimacy, the only remedy for all the evils which had beset her, and the only one which would prevent their recurrence". This is not the place to discuss whether Talleyrand was the guiding genius of the Congress of Vienna, as Ferrero maintains, or a second-rate fellow—"he signed events, he did not make them"—as his contemporary Chateaubriand believed. At any rate, though the structure which the Congress of Vienna created did not bring complete stability, for it was followed by big and little wars, there were no wars of a kind to break down the framework of Europe completely, to bring it once more to the brink, till the First World War.

The Congress of Vienna was conducted at mixed levels. Britain was represented most of the time by her Foreign Minister, Castlereagh. The Emperor Francis was there, since Vienna was his capital, but he left the main work to Metternich. Alexander of Russia was present in person,

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directed his own diplomacy and acquired a reputation for chasing all the pretty women in sight. He was asked by the Countess Szechenyi, when he proposed temporarily filling her absent husband's place, "Does Your Majesty take me for a province?" There were a host of lesser monarchs, including the King of Wurttemberg so fat that people said a hole had to be cut in the dining tables to accommodate his paunch. Wrote Talleyrand to Louis, "Everywhere one sees nothing but Emperors, Kings, Empresses, Queens, Crown Princes, Reigning Princes, etc., etc." But, Alexander apart, the main work was not done by men at the summit level. It was at this congress that the now familiar terms "big four" and "big five" were first heard, together with the complaint that the smaller nations were being ignored by the Great Powers.

In making a sketch, perhaps even an historical sketch, deference must be paid to the principle of perspective which make the nearer object as large as greater things in the distance. So the Versailles Conference after the First World War would probably be ranked by most people with Westphalia and Vienna as a congress of the first magnitude. It redrew the map of Europe from the Arabian to the Baltic seas. People hoped that a better world could be created, one "fit for heroes to live in". But all Versailles accomplished was a brief armistice. Perhaps hope is a poor substitute for fear. Things were not desperate enough, or nobody realized they were. You need quite a lot of chaos to create a world. Versailles in time will no doubt slip back to the second rank, like the Congress of Berlin in 1878, from which Disraeli said he brought back "peace with honour". This congress had a limited and for a time a successful purpose. It revised the terms of the treaty of San Stefano which ended the Russo-Turkish war. The thrust of the Russian Empire towards the south, with which the world is coping today, had been halted once by a European coalition in the Crimean war. This time it was halted by diplomacy. All the powers at this congress were represented by their Prime Ministers or Foreign Ministers.

There were congresses of the third magnitude, such as the two Hague "peace" conferences of 1889 and 1907, and the two congresses at Geneva in 1864 and 1868 which drew up the Geneva Conventions. There were congresses of lesser magnitude

still, such as the Congress of Cambray in 1722 which so amused Carlyle; he called it the "most inane" of all congresses. Spanish, Austrian, English, Dutch and French representatives met for four years and accomplished nothing. As at the Congress of Vienna nearly a hundred years later (which at first made no progress except on the dance floor, so the Prince de Ligne commented) a good time was evidently had by all. The young Voltaire, who paid it a visit, wrote, "the English Ministers send many couriers to Champagne and few to London".

There is a panic feeling abroad today which has turned people's thoughts, as though through some deep-seated instinct or historical reflex, to the congress, the method successfully used when the world had reached a dead end after the Thirty Years War and the Napoleonic Wars, but with this strange twist; it must be at the Summit. It is a different sort of panic. It is not the fear of the existing world order collapsing, but of humanity perishing in an atomic holocaust. The compulsion behind Westphalia and Vienna was the impossibility of the past; now it is the impossibility of the future.

Napoleon provided the first, and Hitler the second, great example of a revolutionary State which conquered the European continent and swept away established national governments. Hitler's task was made easier by the fragmentation of central Europe at Versailles. The overthrow of Hitler did not settle anything, any more than did the overthrow of the Napoleonic Empire. It provided an opportunity for settlement, which was used at the Congress of Vienna but not used in 1945. A United Nations organization was set up to give stability to an international structure which was never created. The Congress of Vienna reconstructed Europe by eliminating the usurping governments with which Napoleon had burdened the continent. After the Second World War one usurping government was replaced by another in Eastern Europe. Stalin stepped into the shoes of Hitler and a red Quisling replaced a black. The principle which made Vienna successful was that of "legitimacy"; meaning governments founded on principles accepted and respected by peoples and governments alike. In the modern context a "legitimate" government is one based on the right to vote and the right to opposition, without which the right to vote is a meaningless ritual. The people behind the Iron Curtain have been

deprived of a legitimate government. The effort to achieve legitimacy was tentatively made at the Yalta summit conference, but left dangling in the air without support. When the United States Government nowadays suggests that any congress or summit conference must take up the question of those nations deprived of their legitimate governments, there are many people who consider the suggestion almost indecent. Yet it may be the only way in which world equilibrium, a stable peace, can be established.

Subversion is historical old hat and governments have used propaganda as instruments of national policy since the days of Augustus. Cleopatra might be popularly regarded as another Elizabeth I or Joan of Arc instead of a little flibberty-gibbet if there had been freedom of expression under the Caesars. One could go still further back, to the Egyptian propaganda version of the Exodus and of the origin of the Hebrews (found in the fifth book of Tacitus) which evidently pervaded the classical world and may be the real origin of anti-Semitism today. But the means and speed of spreading propaganda have become progressively greater. The leading actors in the international scene must now play to the press gallery, strike attitudes before the news-reel and television cameras. Being watched and judged by the press and radio, and through them by the whole public, leads to a difficulty which once did not exist. The international conference has not only the purpose of reaching diplomatic decisions, but in the Western nations of producing something which will have a domestic political advantage for the participant. Even a spurious success is something to strive for, and a spurious success, once its immediate political advantage is over, could leave the international situation dangerously worse than before.

Dulles was asked last January what could be accomplished at a summit conference which could not be accomplished at a lower level. His answer was that lower-level conferences, or negotiations through diplomatic channels, were probably more effective, but at the moment nobody thought so. The heads of government in any event directed what went on, and raising the level of the immediate negotiator did not change the nature of the problem or make the solution easier or harder.

It was no doubt modesty which prevented Dulles from stating the proposition in

reverse and pointing out that even when a government is represented by its head, the main work is still often done by men at lower levels. At the Versailles Conference, when Clemenceau suggested that an important question should be held up since the American President was about to go home for a month, Wilson answered, according to the official minutes, that Clemenceau had paid him an undeserved compliment. "In technical matters most of the brains he used were borrowed; the possessors of these brains were in Paris". Incidentally, till Wilson went to Versailles, no American President had left the country to attend a congress or negotiate a treaty. The view prevailed that foreign ministers and ambassadors existed to conduct diplomatic affairs, so why keep a dog and bark yourself? Dulles is the President's foreign policy technician and in any case would be the essential director of American policy.

But to return to the views which Dulles did express: people had begun to think, he noted, that a meeting of heads of government indicated a greater desire to reach agreement. "There is a certain magic that seems to attach to it in the minds of many people, particularly in the non-committed countries." His predecessor at the State Department, Dean Acheson, is even more scathing. The idea of a summit conference has much the same effect upon him as a red rag to a bull. No American President should ever attend one and only rarely the Secretary of State. The presence of heads of government did not mean that "pentecostal tongues descend so that all shall speak the language of peace". The Russians were pushing the idea because it would provide a magnificent sounding board for their propaganda. The summit conference was an instrument of political warfare of no use whatsoever. It was accepting political warfare on unequal terms, for the West would open its receptive gates to Russian propaganda while the Russian people would never hear the other side.

Eisenhower pointed to the inherent danger of any summit conference in his letter to Khrushchev on the Middle East Security Council meeting. "The stated assumption in your letter that the decisions of five Great Powers will be happily accepted by all other interested Powers seems to indicate an attitude on your part which could have dangerous consequences in the future for the smaller Powers of this world. Your position, which means that the

THE RISE AND ROOTS OF SUMMITRY

desire, the dignity, in fact the security, of small nations should be disregarded, is one which the United States has consistently opposed and continues to oppose today. Essentially you are proposing that we should join you in a policy reminiscent of the system of political domination you imposed on Eastern Europe." If that

applies to one summit conference it applies to all. The shaft was not only aimed at Khrushchev, but at those who would once have regarded any sidetracking of the United Nations as a cardinal sin and who now consider a conference at the summit a cardinal virtue.

DENYS SMITH

PAGES FROM A WAR-TIME DIARY

BY SIR HAMILTON KERR, BART., M.P.

AIR RAID ON THE DOCKS

— MARCH 1941

AS the light fades a great yellow moon climbs over the roof tops. It is one of those moons which should look down upon the canals of Venice, upon the sparkling marbles of palaces, and upon *campanili* rising like great wax candles into the sky. And surely there is something magic even in this March moon which shines upon the torn roofs of Dockland. It is one of those nights, sometimes found towards the end of winter, when the air possesses all the balminess of spring, and heralds the soft days to follow. As I stand upon the flat roof of my Flight Headquarters this moon gives all the illusion of the South, an illusion which is heightened by the sounds which come up from the streets below, the laughter of children and the barking of dogs. Wonderful how the people of London disdain death and insist upon living. For this is the bombers' moon, when the night is almost as bright as the day.

Suddenly an unearthly wailing fills the air. It is like the wailing of a doomed people, a wailing for ancient and hopeless wrongs. An intense silence follows. It is as if the City is holding its breath. After six months of bombardment it knows what to expect when the sirens sound.

A distant muttering reaches you. You would say the mutter of thunder were not the sky so clear. Tiny orange flashes sprinkle the horizon. Presently you hear a hoarse, angry droning, heartless, relentless, unappeasable. The bombers are on their way. The guns open up. The bursts grow louder: the droning nearer. Then comes a new sound, a sound as of a rushing wind turning to the scream of a Fury. A heavy

report. The first bomb has fallen. Everybody talks, jokes, laughs, but you know that they are listening with one ear for the whistle which is louder than the others. For hour after hour it goes on — shells — droning — bombs. The bright moonlight shows hundreds of white puffs and the streak of exhausts across the sky.

At midnight there is a pause and I climb once again to the roof of my Headquarters. We are surrounded, like Brunhilde in the legend of *The Ring*, with a circle of fire. Clouds of heavy black smoke rise in the air, and roofs and chimney-pots stand silhouetted against the light. It is as if some angry volcano had burst through its cone and were pouring out brimstone and lava. But all you can hear is the distant working of the fire brigade pumps. The droning and the firing start again. The second wave is coming in. The second time seems worse than the first. The bombs fall nearer and the building rocks. People grow more silent. Towards five o'clock the droning dies away. We know that the dawn will drive these hateful hornets back to their nests. Even before the All Clear sounds we have tumbled into bed.

Two hours later I am awakened by the clatter of horses' hooves and the clink of milk bottles. As I look at my watch I see it is 7.30. The milk has arrived exactly on time. Vague memories of the night crowd back upon me. Are they real or merely odious dreams? Is everything as it always was? It must be so, for the milk is on time. Did I after all eat too much dinner and have a nightmare? However the blackened silhouettes of burnt-out houses around me tell me that the events of the night really happened.

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JUNE 6th, 1944 — "D"-DAY

On the early morning of Tuesday last the thunder of aircraft woke me just before four in the morning. I clearly remember the time, for Big Ben struck four just afterwards. I stood at my balcony window for a few seconds. Dawn was just breaking behind lowering clouds, but no aircraft were visible. As I went back to bed and lay half awake the thought came to me: "I wonder if this is the Second Front?" As I left for the House of Commons at about a quarter to ten, the porter in Westminster Gardens said to me: "Great news: we have landed in Norway" (how easily people twist names). I had to show a party of W.R.N.S. round the House of Commons. An atmosphere of intense excitement hung in the air. Going into the Chamber for questions, Ralph Beaumont, P.P.S. to Grigg, told me: "Our troops are already 1,000 yards inland."

Questions passed so quickly that the last, No. 73, was reached by ten minutes to twelve. With great good sense the new Speaker, Clifton Brown, rose and said: "As we are all anxious to hear the Prime Minister, I suggest we wait a few minutes."

During the interval a buzz of excited conversation filled the Chamber. Anthony Eden walked over to Lloyd George in his accustomed seat beside the gangway and sat on the steps beside him. From the various benches came snatches of conversation; "It's going well so far." Then at twelve o'clock the Prime Minister came in from behind the Speaker's chair, to be greeted with cheers. He looked rather white and serious, and, as he rose to speak at the Despatch Box, the papers in his hand shook just a little. Characteristically he spoke first of the Italian campaign, giving due praise to General Alexander, and only referred to the invasion during the last two pages of his script. He has too keen a sense of the sequence of history to do otherwise. And so passed the first morning of the long-expected Second Front.

FLYING BOMBS — JUNE 22nd, 1944

Harold Balfour asked me to meet him at Pratt's at ten o'clock at night where the rest of the party were due to assemble — Harry Strauss, Jim Wedderburn, George Denham and Billy Brass. We each had a glass of port in the Lower Room which, with its open fireplace and birds and fish in glass cases, always recalls the atmosphere of some provincial hotel. Then we all packed into

the large Air Ministry car and made our way down the Old Kent Road, past Lewisham Clock Tower, to a hill overlooking Westerham in Kent. Here from a large field we commanded an enormous sweep of the Weald. We were in the centre of the balloon barrage. Several hundred balloons hovered like a plague of locusts in the sky, and it seemed impossible for any flying bomb to find a way through the cobweb of cables. A ring of searchlights surrounded the balloons so as to indicate their position to the night fighters. We had taken up our place in the gun and balloon zone forming the last obstruction before London. The flying bombs, as they crossed the coast line between Beachy Head and Dungeness, would first have to elude the coastal batteries and the night fighters. We had arrived at midnight, and nothing happened until two o'clock. In the meantime a clock in the valley below chimed out the quarter hours, and I lay down on the dry earth of the field. A delicious scent of warm grass filled the air, and from time to time you could hear the pipe of a curlew. Then just after two o'clock the wail of sirens rose from the villages at our feet. In the far distance searchlights clustered into cones, and, in the centre of each concentration, something glowed like a speck of mica. Salvoes of flying bombs were approaching. We could see as many as six at a time. Hose after hose of red sparks rose from the dark earth, twisting and falling in gentle curves. The Bofors guns were firing tracers. Now we could see clearly the exhausts of the bombs and hear their angry droning. All the shooting was going wide. Now they were about to crash the balloon barrage. One came straight over our heads at about 1,000 feet above us, and I for one prepared to duck as I thought that the bomb would inevitably strike a cable. But one and all, to our growing anger and amazement, passed through unscathed. Evidently the cobweb of cables would have to double or treble its meshes. Certainly the anti-aircraft gunners would have to shoot better. For two hours these mysterious droning lights passed over our heads, and out of forty only two were struck. We could hear the heavy explosions behind us as they crashed in streets and on houses.

"There will be strange doings in London tonight" Harold said, for somehow the half-magic of the midsummer night must have affected us all, and we felt that some

PAGES FROM A WAR-TIME DIARY

cruel and capricious Puck was making sport of us.

On our return to London two of these horrible machines passed just over us. We stopped the car and prepared to jump should its engine cut out. To our surprise London was still standing, there were even no visible signs of damage. The spell of the sorcerer had evidently failed. Dawn was just breaking as Jim Wedderburn and I got out of the car in Parliament Square and walked together down Great Smith Street. What a fearful Midsummer Night's Dream it had been.

BEFORE VE-DAY — MAY 7th, 1945

Although rumours had been passing all day, the six o'clock news brought no certainty about the end of the war in Europe, except that it was obvious that the Germans were about to surrender. So the people of London seemed to take the matter into their own hands. Towards nine o'clock crowds began to pour into Piccadilly Circus — British, Canadians, Americans, all mixed up together, waving Union Jacks and sounding rattles. As it grew dark, I walked back across St. James's Park and climbed to the roof of Westminster Gardens, so as to get a general view of the City. People had lit bonfires and their flickering glow above the roof-tops reminded me of the incendiaries in the great fire raids. Battersea Power Station, with its huge smoking chimneys, was already illuminated, and from the direction of the Docks came a constant chorus of steam-boat horns. An aircraft passed overhead dropping a white flare, and from time to time coloured rockets rose in the sky. I sat on my balcony listening to all the sounds and the noises from the street, unable to grasp the fact that peace had really come, and feeling somewhat downcast at the thought of how much it had all cost, how many of one's friends were gone, and how many difficulties lay ahead. Would we have the wisdom, would we enjoy the leadership, to consolidate the gains of our victory, and to conquer enemies no longer tangible or visible but equally destructive to our race—the selfishness of men and classes, small-mindedness, pettiness of soul. And so I took my mind back over all the incidents of the war. I remembered that Friday evening in the House when Poland was invaded and the ultimatum had gone out to Germany. I recalled how depressed I had been at the sight of black-out curtains already covering the clerestory windows of the Chamber.

And then my memory travelled on to my Flight Headquarters in a schoolhouse in East Ham on that Sunday morning, when the tired, sad voice of Neville Chamberlain announced that we were at war, and Sergeant Viccars had said: "Well, here it is." And I thought of Victor Cazalet and myself sitting in Reynaud's room in Paris in January, 1940, and his saying: "We are not working hard enough, both of us, England and France; we are going to be attacked by two hundred Divisions in the Spring, and we have only one hundred and twenty." And four months later I remember standing at the Bar of the House when Winston announced that we must prepare ourselves for heavy tidings, for the British Expeditionary Force was standing at bay on the beaches of Dunkirk. And then the picture clearly came back to me of a lovely August noon, when I was staying with Thelma Cazalet on my first leave, and the thunderous droning of the German bomber squadrons filled the air, the screech of diving Spitfires—the brrrrtt-brrrrtt-brrrrtt of machine guns, the shattered bomber formations in flight, and a single parachute floating down like some lovely white camelia out of the blue. Immediately afterwards followed the recollection of that terrible September 7th in the Docks when smoke blacked out the sight of the sky, and the smell of burning hung everywhere, and one tried not to say to oneself: "Why has all this happened to me?" And then my mind passed to a morning in the Tyne shipyards when the news of the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* had just come through. Irene Ward and I were standing on the decks of the half-completed *Anson*, and I felt a suffocating anger at the sight of the men trooping away early from their work to line up inside the Dock gates. Would our people never understand the danger that confronted them? And then my mental cinematograph passed on to brighter pictures as memories of the great American war factories came back to me, and I knew for the first time that I had seen the visible signs of victory: that the first miracle had been the Battle of Britain, and that the second miracle had been the creation of those stupendous forges of Vulcan. The armies of righteousness were at last on the march.

And so I came finally to the early morning of June 6th last year when the heavy droning of aircraft had brought me on to my balcony and some instinct told me that D-Day had come, and also that night, about

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a fortnight later, when six of us had sat on a hillside above Westerham and watched the flying bombs sailing through the balloon barrage, avoiding the cables as if by some evil necromancy.

For some particular reason all these images came to my mind, although many others might have come, such as the fall of Neville Chamberlain, the night in a Channel convoy, and countless other incidents. And I recollected for the first time that all these events already belonged to history.

Next day brought the celebrations in all their excitement and splendour. The Speaker sat upon his chair in a State robe of black and gold. A boisterous spirit pervaded the Commons, and Members laughed at the slightest witticism. I was glad to notice Mrs. Chamberlain sitting in the Speaker's Gallery next to Mrs. Clifton Brown. As questions drew to their end it became obvious that Winston was going to be late. Alan Herbert filled the awkward pause and drew a roar of laughter by asking about the Outlawry's Bill; a Bill which the Clerk at the Table solemnly announces at the beginning of each Session, and which nobody knows anything about. Hence it is one of the standing jokes of the Commons. After a delay of a few minutes the Prime Minister entered and everybody, with three or four exceptions, leapt to their feet waving their Order Papers. He repeated what I imagine must have been the same speech he had broadcast to the nation a few minutes before, and then turned, his eyes red with tears, to thank the House of Commons for the part it had played in the war. I was deeply moved and felt near tears myself. His speech finished, we all proceeded, the Speaker at our head, to give thanks in St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Palace of Westminster is so vast that no rumour of the crowd outside had reached us in the Chamber, and it was a staggering revelation suddenly to find oneself in the dazzling sunlight of Parliament Square and walking between two hedges of tightly packed and wildly cheering people, police horses prancing, and cries of "Good old Winnie."

The service in St. Margaret's was most moving. As we entered the Rector stood in front of the gold altar clothed in a purple and crimson vestment, and the choir stood on either side of the chancel in their purple vestments and white ruff collars. We sang that lovely hymn "All people that on earth do dwell" and later the names of all those Members who had died in the war were read out. My eye wandered round the

church during the service, with the signs of war still there, such as the sandbags covering the tombs. My mind went back to former centuries when thanks were given to God for our deliverance from the Armada of Spain and the power of Napoleon. We had certainly escaped from an even greater tyranny, and future times would extol the deeds of our people.

I prayed that we should be worthy of our victory and that each one of us should give all his strength to that end.

And so back again to the House of Commons amidst pealing bells and cheering people, and to the almost unbelievable fact that the war which seemed to be with us for ever was now a thing of the past.

Correspondence

To the Editor, National and English Review
KENYA

From Commander W. O. Rees Millington
SIR,

The fact of Catherine Hoskyns having worked in a Nairobi newspaper office for 18 months gives her very little more qualification to lay down the "law on East Africa than your former globe-trotting contributor to whom I took exception last year. I do not dispute your right to publish what news you like from whatever source but, in the interests of providing accurate information to your readers, I do dispute your publishing "pink intelligentsia" views which purport to be authoritative, without giving the views of Europeans who settled in the country nearly 60 years ago, or those of their descendants who have grown up in the surroundings in which they work.

African control of Kenya may now be inevitable but it need not have been had not the politicians of this country vied with each other to see how soon they could liquidate the Empire which, in your small way, you seem to have been assisting—a fact difficult for me to understand when I remember the position your late father once held. All I can say is, God help any country which gets full African control of its government this side of the millennium.

I have enjoyed reading your magazine for over 13 years now but if I am to go on enjoying it I do hope that you will be able to "unbias" yourself on this subject.

Yours faithfully,

W. O. REES MILLINGTON

*Millfield,
Ryde, I.W.*

BORN TOO LATE*

By LORD ALTRINCHAM

"AN old gentleman who was born a century and a half too late"—this was how Lord Milner described himself in 1914. He was born in 1854, so he clearly meant that he should have lived in a period of constitutional autocracy, before the 18th century system of government — party government—came into its own. He was perfectly right. By nature he was superbly fitted to act as an enlightened despot, but he lacked the qualities and defects which go to make up the character of a successful politician.

His father's mother was German and before he went to Oxford he received half his education in Germany. He possessed two characteristics which are, perhaps, distinctively German: an extreme conscientiousness and power of application to work, and a tendency to brood in emotional twilight, midway between inertia and despair. His life was not, therefore, one of consistent achievement, or even of consistent effort. His failure to win the Ireland Prize at Oxford, and the reason for it, gives a clue to much that might otherwise be perplexing in his career. This is his own account of what happened, written at the time to a cousin:—

The first three days I got on well, worked hard, saw my way clearly and was satisfied. But by this time I had got all the work that was in me out of myself. The next day I felt my head muddled and the morning of the fifth day . . . I could do simply nothing. I was excited and forgetful. After an hour and a half I got up, tore up my papers, and walked off, walked out into the country and hoped to hear no more about the 'Ireland'. That night, when I came in, Jowett sent for me and struck me all of a heap by telling me that . . . if I could but have shown up some papers, *any* papers, that last day, the thing would have been mine.

A similar state of near-paralysis overtook him for several years after he went down from Balliol, and again between his return from South Africa in 1905 and his appointment to Lloyd George's War Cabinet in 1916.

Apart from his outstanding intellect, Milner brought to the public service (when he joined it in 1887, after a spell on the *Pall Mall Gazette*) a rare degree of high-mindedness and a fanatical devotion to the ideal of Empire. He had acquired this at Oxford, under the influence of Ruskin and George Parkin, and it is a pity that the other great influence on him while he was an undergraduate—Arnold Toynbee—had a much less noticeable effect on the subsequent direction of his life and work. In practice he became an Imperialist, rather than a social reformer, though Lloyd George was able to say, when they became colleagues during the War (despite the memory of bitter conflict over South Africa): ". . . I think that Milner and I stand for much the same thing . . . He is keen on social reform and so am I". Milner had agreed with Toynbee that the Industrial Revolution "had shattered the old social system. It had left the industrial life of this and other countries of the West in a state of profound disorder. And Society left to itself would not right itself. Salvation could only come through deliberate corporate effort, inspired by moral ideals, though guided by the scientific study of economic laws . . . The pursuit of individual self-interest would never evolve order out of chaos . . ." Unfortunately Milner allowed himself to become, in South Africa, the cat's-paw of people who were guided by "individual self-interest" rather than by "moral ideals".

This was the basic fallacy in his long reign as a proconsul: he did not realize that the higher philosophy of Empire for which he and a few others in the United Kingdom stood—and for which Rhodes, on one side of his ambivalent character, stood—meant nothing to the average settler, British or Boer. The attempt which has been made to justify the South African War on the ground that a moral principle was at stake is therefore bogus. Whatever the outcome of the war there was little or no hope that justice would be done to the Africans, because Whitehall could not keep control over

* *Alfred Lord Milner*. By John Evelyn Wrench. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 42s.

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JOHN MURRAY

such a distant territory and the Europeans on the spot, though at loggerheads on many issues, were sure to coalesce in defence of their racial prerogatives. Recent history in the Union tends to corroborate this view, and the attitude of British settlers in the Rhodesias, for instance, towards the concession of civic rights to Africans does not encourage the belief that African development depended primarily upon whether Briton or Boer achieved predominance in Southern Africa. Milner's instinct in the matter of race relations was good. When the wife of his Military Secretary kissed a black child, and was denounced in the Press, he wrote:—"I think she was right. Most white people in South Africa think she was wrong. There you have the great South African problem posed at once. It is the Native Question. The Anglo-Dutch friction is bad enough. But it is child's play compared with the antagonism of the White and Black". Yet his own policy was at variance with this wise and far-sighted comment. Nearly all his attention was devoted to the Anglo-Dutch friction, very little to the Native Question.

Was he to any extent responsible for the outbreak of war in 1899? The answer is, yes—though he was less responsible than Kruger and much less responsible than Chamberlain who, as an experienced politician, could have refused to make so much of the Uitlander issue, had he really wished to avert a head-on clash with the Boers. (The Uitlanders had much the same significance in 1899 that the Sudeten Germans had in 1938.) True, the man on the spot still counted for more at that time than he does now, and Milner's abrupt decision to break off negotiations at Bloemfontein was, on his own admission, a mistake. Much later his disciple, John Buchan, wrote:—"I can see that Milner was bound to have certain limits in negotiation. He was not very good at envisaging a world wholly different from his own . . . I doubt if a compromise was ever possible, though a delay might have been contrived . . . Anyhow I am certain that Milner was the last man for the task." He was equally inflexible when it came to making peace with the Boers, and his obstinacy probably caused an unnecessary prolongation of the war, with the tragic episode of the concentration camps. Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief, was more of a diplomat, more ready to make face-saving concessions, than the High Commissioner. Later, Milner's lack

BORN TOO LATE

of political sense exposed him to the shame, and obloquy of the "Chinese slavery" campaign: he attributed this entirely to the selfish malice of party politicians, but it was also a direct consequence of his own shortcomings.

In giving us a fairly detailed account of this most interesting man, Sir Evelyn Wrench has done us a service, but it cannot be said that his book is faultless. Even Milner's public life is by no means adequately covered, and the treatment of him as a human being is so vague and elusive that an impression of censorship is created. This is unfortunate, because private and public lives should not, historically speaking, be kept in watertight compartments, and there is much to suggest that Milner's personal impulses and attachments would repay closer study. An even more serious criticism is that the author brings too much of himself into the book: so much, indeed, that towards the end we are almost reduced to wondering whether we are reading a life of Lord Milner or an autobiography of Sir Evelyn Wrench. A fuller work should one day be attempted: meanwhile Sir Evelyn has made a useful addition to the limited store of information about one whose gifts were splendid, whose aims were exalted, and who, even in his weaknesses, was never ignoble.

ALTRINCHAM.

LE CHAPEAU HAUT DE FORME

QUAI D'ORSAY, 1945-1951. By Jacques Dumaine. *Chapman and Hall*. 30s.

AT a time of particular international tension shortly after the war, I had occasion one day to call on a foreign diplomatist of some eminence who at that time lived in Rome. Though a man who had trained himself to withstand the buffets of fortune without visible emotion, he was clearly in a rage. In answer to my inquiry he pointed furiously to the morning newspaper, which announced that the Soviet Ambassador in Paris had the day before delivered a provocative note at the Quai d'Orsay. I agreed with him that it was a deplorable diplomatic move. "No, no," he replied with some impatience, "that is of little account. But do you not see that he had the impudence to arrive *wearing a brown hat*." Later I discovered that my friend had once been the Head of Protocol in his own country.

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MACMILLAN

For six years M. Jacques Dumaine also was a Head of Protocol. His posthumously published diaries, translated and abridged from the original French edition, reveal a view of life wittier than the reader has the right to expect. Perhaps his best story is of the President of Peru insisting that Darius Milhaud, in the opera he was then composing about Bolivar, should give the South American hero a baritone voice at the very least; a mere tenor voice would be considered highly offensive to national pride.

Lively, and sometimes historic, anecdotes punctuate the pages of this indiscreet volume. There is Sir Winston Churchill, forced by the rigidities of protocol to sit next to the Communist Jacques Duclos, and afterwards growling: "I did not break much bread with him." There is the Duke of Windsor's unconscious irony when, after listening to the Archduke Otto's hopes of restoration, he asked the Austrian Pretender: "Have you no one to advise you?" And there is Count Michael Karolyi saying of his chequered career: "It has been like a bad film."

M. Dumaine was obviously an admirable Head of Protocol. With what good taste and sensibility he went about his little missions, procuring now a *Croix de Guerre* for the Shah, now the *Légion d'Honneur* for Mme. Peron, on one occasion a psalter for the Pope, on another a piece of porcelain for Queen Mary. Yet his judgments on people, as opposed to what he industriously recorded of their conversation, are superficial and often unbelievably wrong. One does not see much of truth reflected in a tall hat.

During the Peace Conference of 1919, Mr. Balfour arrived at a ceremony wearing such a hat. He was concerned to find that M. Clemenceau had not abandoned his disreputable bowler for the occasion. "But I was told," complained A. J. B. "that a top hat was obligatory." "So," replied Clemenceau, "was I."

KENNETH ROSE.

FUTURIST PARABLES

BEST SF: SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. Edited by Edmund Crispin. *Faber*. 6s.

THE science-fiction story, at its best, is a twentieth-century Morality. Tale; its resources and its range are as great as imagination can make them; it can deal with the plausible, the possible and the apparently

real. But the improbable and the impossible, as Swift found in *The Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*, are fine weapons in a moralist's argument, and the science-fiction writer naturally makes use of them. He may use the devices of parable and allegory without self-consciousness or artificiality; his art plays upon our natural feelings of curiosity and anxiety about our scientific future, and it is surely no accident that most science-fiction stories, written under the shadow of the Hydrogen Bomb, are concerned with different types of universal nemesis. The Apocalypse is never far away. If this pre-occupation is pessimistic, it is also salutary and honest. Mr. Edmund Crispin, who contributes a forthright and sensible introduction to this collection of science-fiction stories, is quite right to denounce those intellectuals who have only contempt and derision for the genre as a whole; if these people are unable to distinguish between the strip-cartoon and a book like John Wyndham's *The Day of the Triffids*, their opinion is not worth having.

Science-fiction then, is concerned primarily with problems of human morality, as they might occur in times of cosmic crisis or upheaval, or in situations for which our own moral standards do not seem to provide a ready answer. The stories in this collection must be judged by this standard—what are the moral problems involved and how, if at all, are they answered? You do not have to be a scientist to enjoy the best kind of science-fiction; you have only to be interested in the future of the human race and in the appalling and fundamentally moral problems which science has already raised. Nothing is more certain than that we have only seen the beginning of this struggle. That is why science-fiction, with its speculations and its prophecies, has an immediate as well as a potential value. James Blish's long short story in this collection, *A Case of Conscience*, is concerned with the dilemma of a Jesuit biologist on a planet where life is apparently so constructed that it is inarguably evolution in action; God is, as the Jesuit puts it, "ruled out of the picture." Henry Kuttner's story, *Or Else*, is a most acute little parable of human fecklessness. In A. E. Van Vogt's story, *Dormant*, the catastrophe is the direct result of human pride and folly; and John Wyndham's piece, *Dumb Martian* which is disappointing only in relation to *The Day of the Triffids*, deals with the just revenge of Martian innocence

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on human brutality. I cannot share Mr. Crispin's admiration for Margaret St. Clair's story *Prott*, but my blindness may only be due to a faulty understanding of its sexual mechanics.

In very few of these stories is there any serious attempt at characterization, so that questions of human morality remain general rather than particular. The use of virtually incomprehensible scientific jargon is, in some of the stories, not only irritating but also distracting. These criticisms apart, I feel sure that the great Dean, who had an eye for robust virtues, would have approved his twentieth-century followers.

ANGUS MACINTYRE.

COMMONWEALTH CHOICE

THE DOOR MARKED MALAYA. Oliver Crawford. *Hart-Davis*. 18s.

BELOW THE TIDE. Penelope Tremayne. *Hutchinson*. 16s.

CANADA: TOMORROW'S GIANT. Bruce Hutchison. *Constable*. 27s. 6d.

THIS NEW ZEALAND. F. L. W. Wood. *Hammond*. 21s.

THEY CAME TO NEW ZEALAND. Marjorie Appleton. *Methuen*. 30s.

EDWARDIAN DAUGHTER. Sonia Keppel. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21s.

EVELYN UNDERHILL. Margaret Cropper. *Longmans*. 25s.

THE COURT AND THE CASTLE. Rebecca West. *Macmillan*. 18s.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. Alan Ross. *Hamish Hamilton*. 12s. 6d.

I HAVE often wondered why it does not seem to have occurred to any publisher to commission a few able young travel writers to prepare some books rather on the lines of Mr. H. V. Morton's *In Search Of*—series about Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Better still, perhaps Mr. Morton could be prevailed upon to do them himself. It is surprising how few good books there are about the Dominions. When accompanying an M.C.C. team to Australia Mr. Alan Ross turned out a beauty about that continent. About twenty-five years ago Miss Rosemary Rees recalled a pleasant *New Zealand Holiday*. No doubt there are some others that I cannot recall at the moment, but there are certainly very few. Among the smaller dependencies I imagine that more good stuff has been written about Malaya than anywhere else. There are

numerous good and not so many bad books about this charming country, and the latest addition, Mr. Oliver Crawford's *The Door Marker Malaya* is without doubt in the first category.

Having come down from Oxford, where he read history, the author was called up, commissioned in the Somerset Light Infantry, sent out almost at once to Malaya, where he went through a jungle training school, enjoyed some romantic and unreal "leaves" in Singapore, a curious spell in hospital, and at the end of it all an encounter with the terrorists.

The author is a born writer. He modestly says that he is well aware that many other people were in Malaya and Singapore much longer than he was and saw much more. In supporting Mr. Crawford's claim for writing *The Door Marked Malaya* one could say in all sincerity that very few of them would have got anything like as much as he has done out of the country. He is especially happy when he writes about the *ulu*. The lonely, tangled jungle is not easy to describe, and neither is the oppressive steamy blanket of heat which seems to hamper even the smallest movement. Since *The Jungle is Neutral* no one has succeeded as well as Mr. Crawford in pointing out how fierce and remote the jungle can be only a few miles out of Kuala Lumpur, and how piquant the contrast of the agreeable Cameron Highlands where "it was strange to sleep under blankets, stranger still to find fires in the evening, with real flames and burning logs to re-arrange. There were firm green lawns to tread, giant tree-ferns to see, and everywhere flowers—bright convolvulus with heart-shaped leaves and deep blue blossoms fading into purple towards the stem; roses, rambler-roses of trailing thorny red; clumps of growing gladioli, soothing the eye with their slim green stems and smooth pink and crimson petals, and arranged every day in great bunches all through the hospital."

The Door Marked Malaya is a most interesting personal record. The author looks at his experiences from a distance of three years. His sense of perspective is excellent, his memory strong. Mr. Crawford is likely to be heard of again and so is Miss Penelope Tremayne, author of *Below the Tide*, which she has sub-titled "war and peace in Cyprus." In his preface Mr. Lawrence Durrell remarks that the story she has to tell is no ordinary one, and she has told it well.

Miss Tremayne went to Greece in 1952 and picked up the language. It was for this reason that she was asked to go to Cyprus recently as a member of the Red Cross, a devoted band whose members lived far away from each other in different parts of the island. Miss Tremayne lived alone in a large house in mountainous territory. She was subjected to a nerve wracking form of intimidation. Greek Cypriots, who would drink with her in the local taverns, were almost certainly among those who visited her house at night rattling the door knobs and generally making nuisances of themselves.

On at least one occasion she was told, over drinks in a wine shop, that she might be liquidated. The suggestion was made with the greatest tact and courtesy, which must have made it all the more alarming. In the end it was Miss Tremayne who won the war of nerves, and no doubt many Englishwomen have been decorated for doing and enduring far less than she had to suffer in her lonely house.

She writes uncommonly well and with great humour. She can spare a moment to record the Englishman's odd trick of eating the same diet all over the world, not excluding tropical and sub-tropical countries. In Cyprus, during the deliciously hot May, "midday produced carrot soup, roast beef, boiled potatoes and cabbage, Cabinet pudding, and either bog-oak tea or sloshy Nescafé", though the landscape reminded her of Singapore, only substituting jacaranda for flame of the forest. Dinner was a succession of similar stifling dishes, leading up to and away from a huge pork chop. After three days of this Miss Tremayne took her courage in both hands and asked for some fruit. "I was looked at with sour disfavour, confusion spreading rapidly from dining-room to kitchen quarters. Eventually word was brought me that a tin of peaches could be opened, if I wanted them. I resolved to conform."

Miss Tremayne's work brought her mainly into contact with Greek Cypriots who form about five-sixths of the entire population. She found them intellectual and supple-minded, not given to bloodshed and violence, not at all suited to it when it came to the point, not tyrannized or oppressed. She found very little real poverty or want in the island, certainly nothing to compare with what may still be found in Greece as a result of the war. She did not find the Cypriots sour by disposi-

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tion, in spite of more than four grim and miserable years. Their needs and wishes are modest:

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Below the Tide should be read as a sequel to Mr. Durrell's admirable *Bitter Lemons*. It is a most revealing picture of life under a terror and it shows that a lamentable condition of affairs may obtain in a small island where, in addition to the large majority of Greek Cypriots, there are also Turkish Cypriots and British, and some very sinister influences in the background which might be less harmful if jerked out into the light of day.

How the main Greek Cypriot ambition may be obtained is not clear. In Miss Tremane's view these people want two things at once: Greece, for a motherland, and England, for administration, but she does

not pretend to know how this duality can be obtained.

To-morrow's Giant, which is how Mr. Bruce Hutchison, a Canadian newspaper editor, describes his country, has a much more equable political climate. It is most pleasant to find a book of this type coming from one of the great dominions. It is only fifteen years since Mr. Hutchison wrote his earlier book about Canada and called it *The Unknown Country*, but since then the sub-continent has altered outwardly in many places beyond recognition and inwardly everywhere. *Canada, To-morrow's Giant* is the account of a casual, disordered tour across the country and some of its wilderness—not by the main highways but mostly on the side roads—encountering, among their own surroundings, "a curious and little-understood people with a surprising past and a future rather important to mankind."

Only sixteen million people have mastered half a continent against almost impossible odds. Mr. Hutchison has attempted something not unlike the H. V. Morton treatment, but so few of his imitators seem to realise that there is a cunning journalistic simplicity in his method which is the secret of his remarkable success. Mr. Hutchison's book would be better without the rather pretentious linking material in italics. I did not find it helpful and I skipped it until I had read the main part of the book. When I returned to the italics later I still did not find them rewarding. In spite of these criticisms I should not think of going to Canada without a copy of this book, which is a hopeful sign that the dominions are beginning to realise that books can be shop windows which can serve a country well.

Canada has so much to offer that even a superficial account of it, such as this, can do nothing but good. A mere sentence can be extraordinarily revealing, as when the author in describing Vancouver, says casually, "the forest stands at every Vancouver street end," or "Every new residential area is soon covered by an umbrella of dense foliage," or "I have never seen in America, or even in England, anything to match the gardens and gardeners of Victoria."

In the vast scene that Mr. Hutchison depicts he is able to drop some small facts of extraordinary significance. Standing beside the canal locks that drop Lake Superior twenty-two feet into Lake Huron, he began

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to talk to a man who looked like a sea captain. When Mr. Hutchison said that the locks appeared interesting, he received the sharp reply, "If one hydrogen bomb dropped right here, America would be paralyzed."

Mr. Hutchison has made a most useful and readable study of the potentialities and conditions of the provinces, in addition to an exposition of the ways of thought of the inhabitants. He notes the great and growing prosperity, the fabulous resources, the façade of wealth and success, and behind them he senses a puzzled, uncertain feeling, the inevitable forerunner of a search for a new set of values, which are at the present time still influenced far too strongly by materialistic standards.

The book has some impressive illustrations and useful maps.

Professor F. L. W. Wood, the author of *This New Zealand* is an Australian. His book is certainly the most comprehensive since Anthony Trollope arrived there with his mind full of stories about Maori warriors and exotic scenery, about missionaries and the cannibals who ate them, and wrote about his experiences. Professor Wood warns his readers that the stranger to-day may also approach New Zealand with a false vision gathered from publicity pamphlets and illustrated books: a New Zealand of snow-peaks and thermal springs, of Maoris in native costume, of trout-fishing and mountain climbing.

The country is, in fact, essentially a land of hill pastures and plains and bushland as well as of spectacular mountains, a land of farms and farmers. In spite of fire and axe, the bush is still accessible to most of those New Zealanders who love it, but they will have to look to its preservation if they are not to lose it. And as for the things of the mind:

No one who has had contacts with young New Zealanders can mistake the vitality of the race, its capacity to face problems freshly, and in many cases its impatience with attitudes which an older generation sometimes expects to be accepted without question. New Zealand has experimented significantly along the lines of social equity and social security. It is a small community, and there can be few countries where the ordinary man has a better chance of making personal contact with those who rule him, or where he can so easily see working out before his eyes the forces that mould his

life. Neither social barriers, nor obstacles of space, nor—up to the present at least—lack of economic resources for a healthy life, prevent New Zealand from becoming a democracy in actual practice as well as in accepted theory.

The author's approach to his subject is more workmanlike than is Mr. Hutchison's but he does not succeed in giving as appealing an account of New Zealand as one might expect. Miss Marjorie Appleton, whose *They Came to New Zealand* promises high adventure and a good crop of anecdote, is also oddly disappointing.

Beginning with the Polynesian explorers from the Society Islands who discovered New Zealand in the tenth century, she goes on to tell how Abel Tasman, seven hundred years later, searched for the mythical Southern Continent and sighted New Zealand, and how, 150 years later, Captain Cook sailed to the Pacific and explored New Zealand's coast line.

It was the secession of British North American colonies which led indirectly to the founding of New South Wales, 1,200 miles away from New Zealand but systema-

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tic colonization might never have taken place if it had not been for the genius of Edward Gibbon Wakefield. His method was put into practice in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The weakness of Miss Appleton's book lies in its over-emphasis on the factual side of the story. The reader is told what was done, but hardly at all how or by whom. Perhaps it will be possible for some writer of the future to cover these rather dry bones with vivid flesh. The theme deserves it and, indeed, invites it.

Back in the motherland at the turn of the century, on Empire Day, 1900, there was born Sonia Keppel, daughter of the famous beauty and friend of Edward VIII, Mrs. George Keppel. In *Edwardian Daughter* Mrs. Cubitt describes the first twenty-four years of her life with lively charm. She calls herself an unrepentant blimp, and she would be a strangely insensitive person if she did not appreciate keenly to-day the distant comfort of the nursery in Portman Square, the stately background of Crichel and Melbury, with visits to the Villa Eugénie at Biarritz, and to Duntreath Castle, her mother's old home in Scotland.

LONGWALL STREET

*At eleven in the morning in a full street
an enormous hay cart went by
with a mixed smell of freshness and heat,
and scattered a wisp or two, used and dry;*

*which in its lumbering progress
dwarfed and over-rumbled everything:
it left a heavy smell, and a small mess
of scraps of hay, settled or drifting.*

*So on some swell of the year's tide
and ripening into serviceable death
orchards expect a half-descried
October with his coarse and autumn breath.*

*And at other, at sharper times,
the long bodies of the carted trees
bundled like a strange peal of chimes,
or half-alive, half-murdered images.*

Peter Levi, S.J.

Mrs. Cubitt writes with charm and humour. Although she never kept a diary, she could hardly fail to write a fascinating book with personalities ten a penny in her mother's drawing room, and the Sovereign dropping in "with his beard and kind, deep voice and plump, beringed hands and cigars." "I dare not look higher than 'beard-level'," Mrs. Cubitt writes, "so played safe and curtsied to the cigar and rings. Sir Ernest Cassel, too, had a beard and wore rings and smoked cigars; so, more often than not, he came in for the curtsy."

There are some salty reminiscences of Mrs. Asquith and entertaining gossip about the servants' hall which would probably appeal to Dr. P. G. Wodehouse. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Cubitt will continue her reminiscences. Anyone who can indicate so effortlessly why she was as a child awed by Sir Ernest Cassel but not by King Edward should not keep her talents hidden for so long at a time. There must be many readers who remember with affection her excellent first novel, *Sister of the Sun*. It has never had a sequel.

There could not be a contrast more striking than Miss Margaret Cropper's biography, *Evelyn Underhill*, who has been described as a spiritual director of rare understanding, as the great authority on the Mystics, and as a devotional writer and letter-writer of unfailing substance and humour. The book is in part the work of Evelyn Underhill's close friend, Lucy Menzies, and a memoir of Miss Menzies is printed in the book by Bishop Barkway.

Evelyn Underhill made some appeal as a novelist and versifier when she was alive but her creative work soon dated and she is read now mostly in her devotional works. Miss Cropper has done well to put on record her friend's remarkable devotional work, her gift for winning the confidence of those who could not relate religious experience to the institutional Church. Admirers of Evelyn Underhill will not need to be advised to read her biography.

Miss Rebecca West could not be dull even if she were to write a parliamentary report and her new book, *The Court and the Castle* being the interaction of political and religious ideas in imaginative literature, is lively enough for anything or anyone. Based on three lectures given by the author at Yale University, the author has traced, so the blurb says, "through the

works of some of the great writers of imaginative literature some variations on an important theme: the debate whether man's will is innocent or corrupt, whether it can choose salvation or must bring him to damnation unless he seek aid from a superior power."

Without questioning the good faith of this ambitious pronouncement one is inclined to accept it with reservation. In reading this fascinating book I had a feeling all through that Miss West was handicapped by a theme which, in fact, she has made no attempt whatever to treat in detail. "The Court and the Castle" is, in reality, a series of studies of some great works and their authors. There is, for instance, a fascinating sequence upon Trollope, shown, the blurb pompously remarks, "as a moralist whose system is related to the capitalist democracy in which he lived."

It seemed to me that Miss West was far more interested in this author as a novelist than as a moralist. I have an idea that the reader who approaches the book prepared to regard it as the unco-ordinated table talk of one of the most brilliant and witty of contemporary writers will get for more from it and gain more enjoyment than anyone who goes looking for theories. I can imagine some of the fashionable literary boys having a whale of a time with this delightful book but no one, I fancy, will get more amusement from all their sober reviews than will the author when she reads her press cuttings.

Shakespeare and Shaw, Proust and Kafka, Fielding and Rousseau, Kipling and Henry James, Dorothy Richardson and Virginia Woolf are among the people who have attracted Miss West's formidable attention. There is some provocative stuff about *Hamlet*, some excellent criticism of *Amelia*. No one who enjoys reading criticism about the great novelists by one who is a brilliant critic and a considerable novelist herself, should dream of missing this book.

Mr. Alan Ross's third book of poems, "To Whom It May Concern", is composed of work done in England, Italy, Australia, and South Africa. He is a pleasant commemorator of striking occasions most of the time. Occasionally a hint of the wartime Siegfried Sassoon is dropped, though it invariably lacks the sting of Mr. Sassoon's reminiscences of the First War.

ERIC GILLET.

Novels

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE. Nevil Shute. Heinemann. 16s.

END OF A SUMMER DAY. Adrian Vincent. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY. H. E. Bates. Joseph. 12s. 6d.

THE SERAGLIO. James Merrill. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

THE GREEN SINGERS. David Stuart Leslie. Hutchinson. 15s.

A TIME TO BE HAPPY. Nayantara Sahgal. Gollancz. 16s.

THE TIDE WENT OUT. Charles Eric Maine. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

LATER THAN YOU THINK. M. M. Kaye. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

NEVIL SHUTE, deservedly a most successful story-teller, presents in *The Rainbow and the Rose* some of the features which have given pleasure in previous novels—the gradual uncovering of facts about a man's romantic past, the use of engineering technicalities so that we are both interested and excited. He displays also a familiar

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weakness — his feminine characters are duller than their roles require. But this latest book displays more than that—a serious weakness in construction. Here is an outline of its story. The narrator faces fearful difficulty in flying a doctor (the scene is Tasmania) to Pascoe, ex-flying ace suffering from a fractured skull. In the course of his rescue-efforts he encounters two women who hold very different opinions of Pascoe. In drugged sleep he becomes Pascoe and relives his past so that the women's attitudes are explained. Here then is not merely the device of the flash-back but the flash-back-by-deputy, thanks to nembutal: which I find too much of a doubtful thing. So, whilst in its parts the book is most readable (especially the rescue-flights), it is not a convincing whole.

More even than Nevil Shute, Adrian Vincent makes things hard for his readers and himself by a bewildering use of the flash-back. Essentially *End of a Summer Day* is the story of Dick Raines (film-salesman), his affection for his father (failure as film-director, insatiable skirt-chaser), his admiration turned to near-hatred of his brother (successful film-executive), his love for Sheila (once or twice his brother's mistress), and his near-determination to have done with her. These characters are excellently drawn, as are others belonging to the film-world which the author views caustically enough. This human, realistic story is offered as Dick's recollections at the end of a day spent sentimentally at his old home: recollections that from time to time without warning switch from past to near or actual present narrative. Had the author been less ambitious and been content with prologue and epilogue he would have written a more memorable novel.

I have not previously met H. E. Bates on the frolic. My only complaint of him in this mood is he does not seem to know quite when to stop. *The Darling Buds of May* is highly entertaining. A nice, shy young tax-collector comes to the Larkins' rural establishment to ask "Why no income-tax returns?" It is the end—or beginning—of lucky Mr. Charlton. For the Larkins, especially Pop, revel in all the good things of life—cars, deep-freezes, food, drink—that they ought not to have the money to buy, whilst all around them the law-abiding gentry wither or decay; and in addition the eldest Larkin daughter, lovely, bewitching, amoral, falls at once for Mr. Charlton, and he for her. From all this the tax-gatherer

never-returns, nor wants to; any more than the reader wants to face the fact that for all its ingredients of satire and farce the book finally bubbles away in frothy nonsense.

To my mind *The Seraglio* is a book which seeks to make too much of itself. I should have enjoyed it more had there been less of it; and I judge that its poet-author would do better with satire than with this sort of comedy of manners with undertones of implied significance. His subject is the return of 25-year-old Francis to the U.S. and his father, an ageing millionaire who lives amidst wives, mistresses, would-be wives and badness knows what else. Francis not only has been overshadowed by his father's personality (of which however the reader is not made sufficiently conscious) but also hates his wealth. Subconsciously, in fact, he has been tainted by all this. Into this miscellany of characters (smoothly handled by James Merrill) Francis introduces a sculptress whom he knew in Italy. This move, I think, helps him to a better understanding of himself, but I confess that I could do little more than coast along, enjoying the oddities of character and conduct, without knowing or much minding where I was going, or had arrived.

If it is not easy to achieve full comprehension of *The Green Singers* it is because it relates what a boy sees and imagines, so that the adult reader cannot always keep his feet on the firm ground of reality and sanity. This is however a sharp, vivid, at times frightening story of an English boy translated to Australia. He is not attractive, and he has not so much as been to school before, and his genteel, selfish, widowed mother is no help at all to him in his struggle to stand up to life and cousins and schoolfellows—yes, and uncles,—in a rough townlet back in the '20's. David Stuart Leslie brings scenes and characters brilliantly to light and life, with an economy of words that strengthens his effects.

Upon a slender thread of story Nayantara Sahgal hangs a picture of wealthy Hindu life in the first flush of Indian independence, with British and European influence still strong at least in the externals. It is an interesting picture, impeccable of taste and style, presented with sincerity and gravity, with an occasional tinge of satire; it has a considerable range of figures drawn with care and, no doubt, verisimilitude. Plainly we are shown a facet of life with which we ought to acquaint ourselves and in which we ought to be interested. Alas, for my part I

found the reading of *A Time to be Happy* a rather dull duty: a reflection, no doubt, on myself.

Here's another end of the world and a devilish plausible one. A nuclear bomb is let off in the depths of the Pacific and splits the ocean bed; so by an inevitable chain of events the world starts to go dry. Life will soon be possible only at the Poles, with their deep-frozen reserves of water, and thither the world's "establishment" plans to repair, leaving the masses to their fate. So far I found *The Tide Went Out* quite in the Wells tradition. But C. E. Maine has also to tell his story in terms of individuals, and here he fails to bring it off. There is nothing gripping about the editor who is the central character, or his mistress, or their destruction. I never believed in the job the man was given to do. From the fact that the book ends with his widow falsely telling his son, smiling "until her lips began to ache with the effort", that he was a fine man, I gathered that the tide did not go right out.

Finally, here is a good detective story—good in as much as its setting (Kenya) not only is vivid and effective but, thanks to Mau Mau, allows a series of murders to be committed without the criminal being thereby made increasingly obvious. The characters and also the mild but unnecessary love-interest, are not as effective as the setting.

MILWARD KENNEDY.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

SURPRISINGLY, the silly season in the London theatre has yielded two productions of considerable quality:—

"Irma La Douce" (Lyric Theatre)

This, a translation from the French of Andre Breffort, is a musical with a tang of *The Threepenny Opera* about it, and the most involved and outrageous plot that could possibly be imagined.

Irma (Elizabeth Seal) is a lively little poule who falls romantically in love with a young student Nestor-le-Fripé (Keith Michell). But their happiness is marred by his unreasonable jealousy of her clients. To solve this he decides to allow her only one wealthy, elderly protector, who will pay well and ask little. As such paragons are not to be found easily, Nestor, armed with Irma's own earnings, impersonates him. And for some time the same increasingly

dilapidated ten thousand francs passes back and forth between Nestor and his other self. But this means Nestor has to go to work, and so he grows increasingly jealous of himself.

At this point the evening settles down into fantasy. Nestor arranges to dispose of his "rival" but the fellow's bowler hat is found in the Seine and a mourning Irma accuses him of murder. He is tried in an outrageously funny court scene, and he and his cronies, among them Jojo-les-Yeux-Sales, are sent to Sing Sing. From here they escape on a raft and paddle it to Paris where Nestor resumes his disguise long enough to establish his own innocence.

Peter Brook has contrived that the entire production is swept along on a tide of rough pulsating music which seems to come blaring straight out of the cafés in the Rue Lepic, and some of the songs are winners. As the hero Keith Michell brings off a treble chance; he is romantic, tuneful and very funny. Elizabeth Seal blazes with vitality and Clive Revill, as chorus, has an implausibility which turns all possible leers into laughs. The settings, by Rolf Gerard, are lovely.

"Five Finger Exercise"

By Peter Shaffer (Comedy Theatre)

Here, for a change, is a new young playwright who has set out to walk well, before he tries running, and the result is a thoughtful, admirably written and absorbing little drama. It is rare to find a newcomer to the theatre who can make one feel "safe" within five minutes of curtain rise, but Mr. Shaffer achieves exactly that. His comprehension and his execution are faultless, and his dialogue truly observed. His one obvious theatrical device, in the person of an abnormally wise and good-tempered little girl, is forgiven the moment she appears because Juliette Mills, who plays her enchants us into believing. Indeed the entire cast is talented even though, as Kenneth Tynan has already forestalled me by remarking, they demonstrate so clearly the "ancient and modern" approach to acting.

Michael Bryant, who startled us recently with his performance in *The Iceman Cometh*, here plays a sensitive young German tutor, whose presence in the middle-class family destroys their careful pretence of normality. All of them, except

the resentful lonely father, like each other less as they love him more, and the tutor, anxiously trying to help each of them, keeps pressing his poor little nightingale's breast closer in among the thorns. It is a brilliant performance, and Brian Bedford, as the unhappy mother-smothered son, almost equals it. (These are performances acted from the inside out.) On the parents' side, flashing technique and experience but less conviction, we have Adrienne Allen as the pretentious mother and Roland Culver as the rough diamond father.

All round a fine evening, and an announcement of the next play by Peter Shaffer will find me queueing outside the box office.

★ ★ ★

This seems a good month to remind readers that Robert Atkins is still purveying more than adequate Shakespeare against an enchanted setting in Regents Park Open Air Theatre. It is indeed one of the special treats of summer in London, and all of us should sample at least one production.

KAYE WEBB.

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Music

BY ROBIN DENNISTON

TWO JEUX D'ESPRITS

THE New Opera Company has put us all in its debt. The team exhibits a combination of professional restraint with amateur enthusiasm which gives us the best of both worlds—fine, disciplined singing; gay, high-spirited miming; a sense of sharing with the audience their own artistic experience. Its first short season yielded Benjamin's not wholly satisfactory *Tale of Two Cities* as well as Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*. Its second season is under way at the moment, and contains Menotti's *The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore* and Egk's *The Government Inspector*—as well as another, but much older, Stravinsky opus, *L'Histoire du Soldat*, written in 1918 (a piece of eclectic expressionism which stands up surprisingly well in a new context). Menotti's ballet-mime with madrigal and chamber-orchestral accompaniment will disappoint admirers of *The Consul*. It was beautifully presented; the articulation of the chorus was remarkably fine (but as the words were not only funny but necessary to our understanding of what was happening on the stage, they should have been made part of the décor like pantomime choruses) and the timing with the dancers wholly successful. This is a puzzling work; the audience was puzzled, and so must have been several of those responsible for the production. What is Menotti getting at? Certainly he has abandoned *engagement* and escaped to a sixteenth century world in a vein of Chaucerian satire; the three animals of the title represent three phases in the work of an artist—presumably himself—or else three types of art, of which the Unicorn at any rate must symbolize romance. The fable tells us, three times over, that artistic innovation arouses first ridicule, then fashionable acclaim, and finally extinction through incomprehension. This in itself is neither original nor interesting enough to be a message. Perhaps Menotti is deliberately tantalising us with half-meanings. Yet without some extrapolated intention the development of the fable, neat and endearing and quick as it is, cannot be adequate. Musically the work is *ad hoc*, high-lighting the words which should enlighten us and do not. It is doubtful if, lacking a superlative performance such as this, Menotti's Madrigal Opera

would make any impact at all; it could degenerate into second-rate farce in a moment of less than total concentration.

The Soldier's Tale with its belaboured symbolism and old-time desire to convey meanings has the advantage of a (fairly free) translation of the text by Michael Flanders and Kitty Black; this gives a contemporary flavour (the Devil tempts the soldier with the thought of steak, egg and chips three times a day) which the somewhat cumbrous stage effects belie. The orchestra, such as it is, is on the stage. The narrator—a brilliant piece of self-projection by Gordon Jackson—smokes cigarettes as he unfolds, in couplets, the tale of the simple soldier, who exchanges his violin for the key to great wealth; who when rich is unhappy; who gets the princess and nearly beats the Devil by losing to him at cards; but who is finally a victim of Old Nick. The music is deft but un compelling, the product of a rather fallow period in the composer's musical career, when he deliberately subdued his artistic ebullience. The whole odd jaunt was carried out with zest and devotion. If at the end of the evening people left with a feeling that there is more to opera than these two *jeux d'esprits* would suggest, this was no fault of the company, whose work is beyond praise.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

IN July, 1948, record collectors began to get agitated at the news of the first release of L.P. discs on the American market: and in June 1950, when Decca made the first issue of such discs over here, it was obvious that the days of the 78 r.p.m. disc were numbered. The position now is somewhat, but not entirely, similar. The stereo disc will, in time, replace the monaural but, as a perceptive article in *The Gramophone* magazine of July pointed out, "no fundamental improvement in the recording art has suddenly taken place such as might make the percentage of first-class stereo recordings any higher than it is with conventional records. In fact, to some extent the reverse is the case, since the technique of stereo recording is still so immature as to provide an additional obstacle in the path of success." The writer points out that recording is still a "hit and miss" procedure, with really first-class recordings forming about five per cent. of the whole. Added to



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this, really satisfactory equipment for stereo reproduction is very expensive. It will be many years before the enormous repertoire of music available on L.P. is re-recorded on stereo, and even then it is to be doubted if the best L.P's. will be really outmoded. I have, personally, still a great affection for many of my 78's, though finding their shortness tiresome, and would not be without them, especially the vocal ones. I have no doubt I shall feel the same about my L.P's.

Orchestral

Not everyone cares for Beecham's interpretations of Beethoven but they may be won over by his lively performance of the Second Symphony, with the R.P.O. which has the additional attraction of including most of the incidental music to *The Ruins of Athens*, casually written off by his biographers. The *Overture* and *Turkish March* are certainly not weighty pieces but Beecham endows them with vitality, revels in *The Dervishes Chorus* and surprises us with a magnificent *March and Chorus* ("Twine Ye Garlands"). The Beecham Choral Society sing the choral sections and the recording is excellent (H.M.V. ALP1596). Sir Adrian Boult and the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra couple Mendelssohn's "Scotch" and "Italian" Symphonies on Nixa NCL16005, the first time this has been done. The playing is not outstanding but this is an attractive disc and, be it noted, the repeat of the exposition in the first movement of the "Italian" is made here, as it always should be.

Richter, with the U.S.S.R. Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sanderling, gives an absolutely marvellous performance of Rachmaninov's First Piano Concerto (F sharp minor)—which makes it sound a good deal better than it is—and also plays Bach's D minor Concerto on the disc. This is, unfortunately, much less successful, and not of the kind our musicologists would approve of, though Richter's part in it, as in all he does, satisfies me. The recording is no more than adequate. (Parlophone PMA1037).

The young American pianist Van Cliburn, acclaimed as "Vanyusha" or "Vanitchka" by his adoring Moscow public when he won the first International Tchaikovsky competition last April, turns out to be all that publicity claimed for him, a wonderful technician and a sensitive musician. He plays Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto

with an unnamed symphony orchestra, conducted by Kiril Kondrashin; a splendid performance that deserved better recording of the piano part. (R.C.A. RB16073). No reservations need be made about that matter in Rubinstein's brilliant and poetical playing of Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Jorda. Six piano solos by Falla, Granados, Albeniz, and Mompoun are included, of which Rubinstein's performance of Granados's "Lover and the Nightingale" is outstanding.

At last we are given a recording of John Ireland's Piano Concerto in E flat, one of the loveliest of all modern works in the form and superbly played by Colin Horsley, accompanied very well by Basil Cameron and the R.P.O. This has an excellent performance of Stravinsky's *Capriccio* by the same artists on the reverse. H.M.V. CLP1182.

Anthony Collins, with the R.P.O., gives a very poetical performance of Sibelius's *The Swan of Tuonela*, a powerful one of *En Saga* together with the *Karelia Suite* and *The Romance* in C major on H.M.V. ALP1578.

Also recommended. A very good performance of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony", on a ten inch, by van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra (Philips GBR 6502). An enchanting Suite from Janacek's "animal" opera *The Cunning Vixen*, together with *Taras Bulba*, well played by the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra under Talich. (Supraphon LPV266).

Chamber Music

There is some lovely and well recorded music in Purcell's *Ten Sonatas in Four Parts* played by the Jacobean Ensemble on Argo RG112, and much pleasure is to be had from Arthur Grumiaux' performance of the Bach D minor *Chaconne*, a little piece by Fiocco, and two Mozart violin and piano Sonatas (with Gregory Tucker) G major (K301) and E minor (K304) on Argo RG109.

Choral And Song

Bach's wonderful Motet *Jesu meine Freude* is beautifully performed by the Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra, together with a good performance of the Church Cantata *Herz und Mund und That und Leben* (which has the choral we know

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so well as "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring" at the end of each of its two parts) on H.M.V. CLP1178. Jennifer Vyvyan, with the Haydn Orchestra conducted by Harry Newstone, sings very well in two movements from Haydn's Saint Cecilia Mass and the remarkable *Scena di Berenice* on Decca LW5334. Mahler's five settings of poems by Rückert and some of the early songs from *Das Knaben Wunderhorn* are admirably sung by Alfred Poell and Anny Felbermayer respectively, with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Prohashka, on Vanguard PVL7022.

Opera

Glinka's *Ruslan and Ludmilla* (soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre conducted by Kondrashin) and Tchaikovsky's *The Enchantress* (chorus of the All Russian Radio and Moscow State Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Samosud) are expensive "buys" on Parlophone PMA 1033-6 and 1029-32 respectively (£8 6s. 10d. each) and one must hope that excerpts from them will be issued on one disc. The men soloists are good but most of the women wobble and have odd ideas about intonation. There is some fine music in both these operas, especially in the Glinka, and one would be glad to be able to sample it in a selection of the best bits available.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

THE mutability of political and economic affairs is admirably illustrated by a reference to some remarks I made in these columns in last month's issue. I recorded that the market in Government stocks was firm in anticipation of a reduction in Bank rate, when the news of the crisis in Iraq caused a violent reaction. The unexpected news completely changed the prevalent view about probable future trends at home and I added, "there is now no thought of an imminent lowering of Bank rate." Foreign holders of sterling did not like the look of things and our currency weakened appreciably in the international market, so that even an increase in the rate was considered possible.

The facts changed rapidly and the tone changed with them. Bank rate was lowered

to 4½ per cent. after the lowering of the Treasury Bill rate had made it obvious that 5 per cent. could not be held. So quickly had the international scene been reassessed, on the prospects of top level political discussions and the assurances about the flow of oil to Europe, that we were soon back on the former plateau of discussion about holding the balance between inflation and recession.

Recession over?

The position of sterling at the moment is very encouraging. This is the season when extra pressure is normally expected, yet sterling is strong, which, in view of the strength of most continental currencies, is also evidence of an exceptional weakness of the dollar. The increase in the discount rate by the San Francisco Reserve Bank is expected to be followed by others, and this is taken as a warning that U.S. inflation is still considered a danger.

Reports from North America indicate that the business recovery which began in the spring is gaining strength. The Federal Reserve Board's production index shows that in the last three months one-third of the decline in business activity has been recovered. This trend has been reflected in stock market prices for some time and the authorities now deem it necessary to apply some curb to inflationary sentiment.

The U.S. recession is not over though the curve has turned upward. Production is still far below capacity and industrial capital investment is still declining. Unemployment actually increased in July (there are 5.3 million unemployed) though the output of consumer durables has considerably increased during the past few months and severe measures to restrict credit much further are therefore unlikely. There is a continued improvement in manufacturing orders and further evidence that re-stocking is replacing stock reduction. In America the car buying season is all-important, and it will be some weeks before this begins; meanwhile the general business tone is optimistic and any attempt to check the spending engendered by official anti-recession measures would be very unpopular. In an election year popular resentment might have important political repercussions.

After the rapid rise in prices of Common stocks throughout the past few months the gentle warning of the dangers of re-inflation has caused some investors to take profits,

FINANCE

and we shall perhaps see Wall Street vacillating for some weeks.

What will follow $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent?

The reduction in U.K. Bank rate was a move consistent with the official "cautious policy of flexibility" to which I referred in our July issue. The trend of events dictated it: the crisis in the Middle East delayed it for a short period. As ever, immediately the rate is changed the question of the next change is debated and the financial and commercial world must take a view on the answer to the question in order to relate their activities to the probable future cost of borrowing for financing stocks or plant replacements.

There are strong arguments in favour of the view that a further reduction will follow before the end of the year. These are based mainly on the suggestion that the U.K. business activity will decline further during the autumn, and that more credit relaxations and incentives to production will be needed before the economy can engender the impetus necessary to reverse the tendency to turn downwards. There are many factors in foreign trade which could adversely affect our exports, one of the most important being the run down in the sterling balances of the primary producing countries owing

to internal over-expenditure on capital projects and the decline in prices of the commodities they export. If, however, no strong need develops for the stimulation of economic activity by making borrowing cheaper, then we may see $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. maintained for quite a long time.

The Banks and H.P.

These notes should not omit to record a significant development in the financial world which has been a feature of the past few weeks. I refer to the entry of the banker into the sphere of hire purchase. This much-forecast development has taken place by varying types of arrangement between H.P. companies and both the clearing banks and merchant banks. Either direct take-over schemes or participations in control by the issue of new shares have been arranged. The terms of one deal—Barclays—United Dominions Trust—have caused considerable adverse comment, but on the whole the inclusion of the banks into the highly successful world of hire purchase finance has been favourably received and most people welcome the development. The shares of all the companies involved have been an active market and substantial price rises have occurred.

LOMBARDO.



Abroad view

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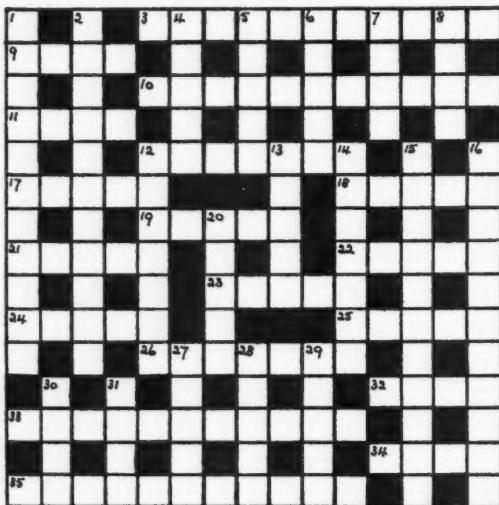
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DOWN. — 1. Properties. 2. Antagonist. 4. Avital. 5. Later. 6. Abets. 7. East. 8. Tidy. 11. Repose. 14. Codicil. 15. Ogre. 17. Settlement. 18. Attendance. 21. Erased. 23. Trip. 27. Remove. 29. Axiom. 30. Pages. 32. Swop. 33. Asps.

CLUES

ACROSS

3. Food and drink and a book by Somerset Maugham (5, 3, 3)
9. "Resolv'd to ruin or to the state." Dryden (*Abraham and Achitophel*) (4)
10. In nice terms improperly suggestive (11)
11. Vessels which take the French a hundred years to build (4)
12. Unable to rest in peace for a spell (7)
17. This may be used as a vegetable or a decoration (5)
18. The whole of the Old Testament, or portion (5)
19. A Grecian style (5)
21. Give ear to the physician in a cheerless way (5)
22. A villain, namely a legislator (5)
23. Dance of eccentric half-back (5)
24. A question of locality (5)
25. Colourful but inexperienced (5)
26. Officialdom makes engineers unusually adept (3-4)
32. The case of one who mends (4)
33. Dull-witted old German? (6, 5)
34. A look to make one stagger back (4)
35. Its failure gives a motorist the wind-up (4-7)

DOWN

1. Early morning break? (5, 2, 4)
2. Settle an animal in a great English house (11)
4. Arranged a race for the palm (5)
5. Some of the victims put out (5)
6. After getting some form of bail I can produce a defence (5)
7. Trim part of a ship (4)
8. Number and country (4)
12. Horse dish (7)
13. Dora was concerned with its defence (5)
14. "How commentators each dark shun, and hold their farthing candle to the sun." Young (*Love of Fame*) (7)
15. One insect hangs over others (11)
16. A magistrate, a holy man and I emulate Pepys (11)
20. Drape carelessly and cut (5)
27. Students' holiday from Latin (5)
28. Course for a singer (5)
29. Leguminous seed takes some beating (5)
30. Seaman-like? (4)
31. He doesn't sound a cultured bird! (4)

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